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The complete Bible in the form of a modern book

The Reader's Bible

Next Thursday Oxford University Press will publish an edition of the Bible that you will want certainly to own. It is called The Reader's Bible, and the title is happily applied. It is a Bible designed to be read.

As a masterpiece of English literature, the King James version stands unquestioned, but critics who praise the writing often find fault with the way the type page is set. From a visual point of view they feel that the verse divisions and the double-column format make reading difficult.

There are sound reasons for both these features in a Bible for devotional use. There are also considerable technical difficulties in producing a convenient volume which contains the complete text and yet satisfies those who want "a Bible printed like a regular book." Previous attempts to produce a work of this kind have ended with an abridged or edited text — or a Bible in several volumes.

In The Reader's Bible the technical difficulties have been overcome. Here, in one volume, is the complete Authorized version, including the Apocrypha, which is an integral part of the original edition of 1611. The text itself has been carefully checked, so that the result is authoritative in such minor matters as punctuation and the use of capitals. The prose parts are printed as paragraphs running the full width of the page, and the poetry is printed as poetry.

A clear, compact type face has been chosen, and the page itself has been designed for easy readability. The complete King James version occupies nearly 2,000 pages in this edition, but the bound book is only two and one-quarter inches thick.

The principal objective in producing The Reader's Bible has, of course, been to present the Authorized version unabridged and unedited in one volume. Hence it is not primarily designed for the theologian or minister; it is intended, rather, for the average reader without a specialist's knowledge. Therefore, a number of helps have been included.

The original preface of 1611, entitled "The Translators to the Reader," is of permanent interest and has been kept. It is followed by an authoritative introduction on questions of text and manuscripts. There are also short introductions to groups of books, such as the Pentateuch, the Historical Books, the Gospels and the Pauline Epistles. These aim to provide the account most generally accepted by scholars of more than one denomination on the historical origin of the books and their nature and purpose.

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SOMEWHERE IN THIS unusual and enjoyable book lies the answer for parents eagerly seeking the "right" name for their baby. It will puff air into the sails of all parents-to-be temporarily becalmed in a Sargasso Sea of names—with boys to port and girls to starboard. There is also a section advising you how *NOT* to name your baby—for what would Robert Taylor's luggage have looked like if he had been christened Robert *Andrew* Taylor—or Sarah Bernhardt's if her middle name had been Olga?

Readers with no immediate naming problems—once they have finished looking up the first names of all their immediate relatives—can move along to the amusing anecdotes, personal letters from famous people with unusual names telling how they got that way, and an all-too-brief album of 22 of the funniest magazine cartoons on names ever collected in one place. Other sections include a catalogue of foreign names, a host of quotations, tables of Saints' Days, birthstones and zodiacal signs, and 36 poems.

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WORLD

TRADE Winds

OF ALL THE TITLES in the fabulously successful Golden Books line, "The Pokey Little Puppy," with sales topping the three million mark, has long been the leader, but a new one has come along to challenge its supremacy. "Dr. Dan the Bandage Man" is its name, and the way it came into being is just one more example of why Simon and Schuster is both the inspiration and despair of so many of its competitors.

Dick and Andrea Simon returned from a vacation in Florida when their son Petey was three to find that the nurse, Helen Gaspard, had kept him vastly entertained with an improvisation of her own that she named "Petey and His Band-aid." Dick read it himself, ejaculated the Stamford, Connecticut, equivalent of "Eureka," and sat right down to write to Mr. Smith, the top executive of Johnson and Johnson, the makers of Band-aids. All the Simon children, noted Dick, had enjoyed passionate love affairs with Band-aids. The girls even had enclosed at least one in every letter they posted. And now his nurse had been inspired to fiction by the product. Obviously, he concluded, there was some strange affinity between the Simons and Band-aids, and would Johnson and Johnson like to do anything about it. Two mornings later the sales manager and a vice-president appeared in S. and S's Inner Sanctum.

By this time Dick had a rough idea of what he wanted: six Band-aids for every copy of the contemplated book. "How many copies do you expect to sell?" asked the sales manager. "Three million," said Dick. "My God," burst out the sales manager, "that's eighteen million Band-aids. They'll cost us more than three and a half pages in color in *Life*." Then, before Dick could even agree, he added, "I think we ought to do it." The Johnson and Johnson hierarchy not only echoed his sentiments but added, "We hope you won't mind if we advertise the book on our TV programs—and buy 400,000 copies ourselves to sell in drugstores." Dick didn't mind. Only the J. and J. legal department asked that the word "Band-aid" be left out of the title because of possible trade-mark complications. That explains the title of "Dr. Dan the Bandage Man." A modest first printing of 1,600,000 copies was sold out inside of three months, and another half million will be off press any moment.

WHEN MY WIFE AND I shoved off for a few days in Bermuda to wind up our vacation this summer, I thought lightning might strike in my house, too, and suggested to my five-year-old Jonny and his nanny that they try to think up something snazzy in the way of an adventure story while we were gone. When I came home I asked, "Well, written anything while I was away?" "We haven't had time," said Nanny, "what with an earthquake and a wonderful little book we've practically been memorizing." "What book?" I asked. Jonny and Nanny answered in unison, "Dr. Dan the Bandage Man!"

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN tourist traffic to Bermuda was restricted exclusively to the months between December and May, but air transportation has changed all that. Pan American, Colonial, and BOAC maintain daily schedules, and four hours after you take off from La Guardia you can be cavorting on the coral sands of the island. Pan American not only serves a delectable meal aloft, but precedes it with cocktails and tops it off with the finest liqueurs. Result: not only swank spots like the Castle Harbor Hotel and Elbow Beach Club, but all the more modest hostels are jam-packed the year round. By far the best months to be in Bermuda are May, June, July, and August, anyhow, and American visitors have finally tumbled to the fact.

AFTER READING KEN ROBERTS'S account of how his dowsing pal, Henry Gross,

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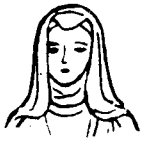

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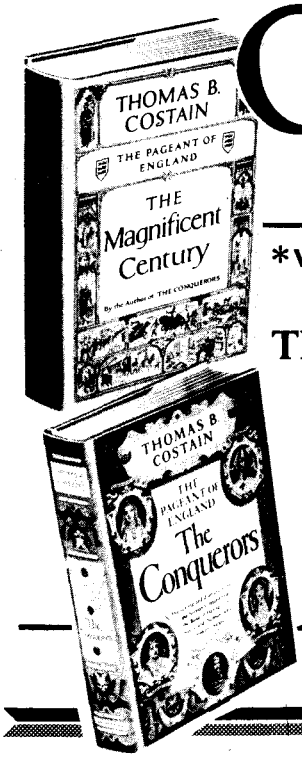

***Van Allen Bradley,** in his *Chicago News* review of

THE Conquerors

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had located three wells by working on a map of Bermuda all the way up in Kennebunk, Maine, I expected everybody on the island to be dowsing away like mad, but the sad fact is that nobody I questioned seemed even to have heard of the book. My own hosts, Fleur and Mike Cowles, ran out of water completely on our last day there, and while the help were buying twenty dollars' worth of aqua over in Hamilton, I jotted down Henry's address for future reference. Meanwhile we consoled ourselves by singing the praises of John Marquand's timely "Melville Goodwin, USA" (Mr. Marquand's women do not vary very much from book to book, but his heroes always fascinate me and his way of telling a story is a constant delight). We also talked about an inspiring little piece on Thanksgiving by M-G-M's Dore Schary, scheduled for the appropriate issue of *Look*. And the wise and witty Bert Quarton told us of an incident that occurred at the Cedar Rapids airport when a plane carrying Anthony Eden set down for fuel en route to Des Moines. Mr. Eden alighted from the plane, posed for a photographer, and shook hands gravely with everybody gathered about the landing stage. As his plane flew off they all turned in puzzlement to the photographer and asked, "Who the dickens was that pleasant gent we just shook hands with?"

JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN and his attractive bride Elaine are now permanent residents of Bermuda. He was elated over the sale of first serial rights on his new novel, "Windom's Way," to the *Satevepost*. It's entirely different in theme to his first two BOMC novels of man versus nature, and will be one of Lippincott's big books next fall. Bob Kriendler, the boniface of "21" is also a year-round commuter to the coral isle, and so is Al Steele, the hustling new president of Pepsi-Cola. Jim Thurber was not in evidence during my visit, possibly scared off by rumors of an impending hurricane and an erroneous report that Dorothy Paley's pooch Belle was headed for the local beaches. Belle remains absolutely motionless in the sand until an unsuspecting sun worshiper unwraps a sandwich or peels a hard-boiled egg. She then whips into motion in a flash. Her record for a single morning's work in Truro last summer was sixteen spoiled ham sandwiches (mostly mine) and twenty-two soft drinks.

SOONER OR LATER EVERY VISITOR to the island finds his way to Bill Feakins's well-stocked Bermuda Book Shop in Hamilton. Bill reports that his sales

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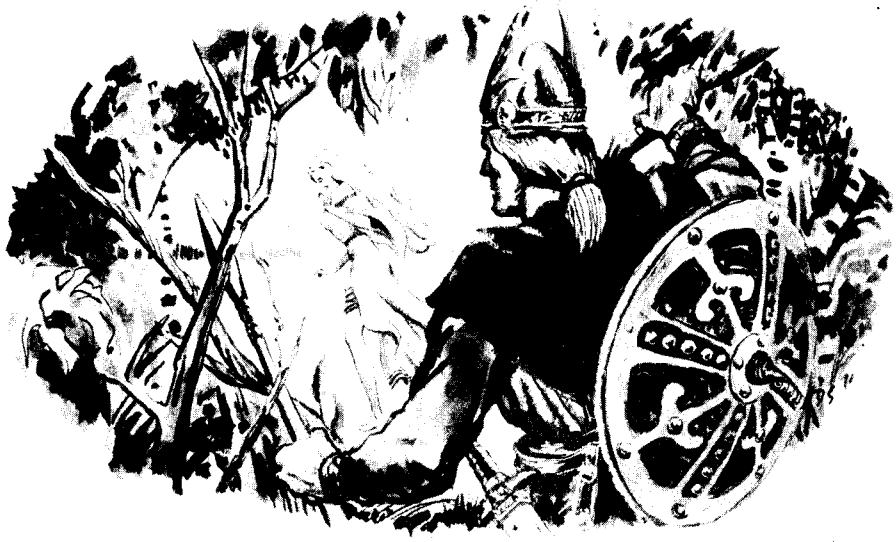

We sail tonight with Leif Ericsson, the Sea-King, for whom the goddess Freya twice wore the flesh of woman. We flee across the wild and icy sea to share the supreme adventure of the Vikings... their flight from Iceland where a strange new faith scorns the godly ways that Norsemen have cherished since the dawn of time... their perilous search for a new land where they can live in freedom with their own gods and their own dreams. This is the last and greatest of the Sagas; the end of a noble world and perhaps a new beginning. Tonight we walk under a pagan sky in the desperate company of heroes and marauders... with Leif who found a new world for an ancient heritage... with the hermit-priest Theobrand who brought the Cross to the North before the love of women was forbidden to the priests of Rome... and with the savage slave Turker, who avenged his bondage to the Sea-King in a manner worthy of his mighty ancestor, Attila the Hun.

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to date this year are up a healthy 20 per cent. Currency restrictions have had surprisingly little effect on the proportion of American books sold as against British. Roughly two British books are sold to every one of American origin—surprising in light of the fact that for a three-dollar American book the cost of an equivalent British one comes to something like $5.52 in sterling currency. Maybe American publishers haven't been working this lush market vigorously enough! British Penguins, American quarter books, and the Modern Library are prominently displayed. Best sellers of the moment are the English edition of "Hecate County" (just published) and Jim Ullman's "River of the Sun." In Feakins's opinion, Will Zuill's "Bermuda Journey" is the best book on the subject, although there are still plenty of calls for Hudson Strode's "Story of Bermuda."

A CUSTOMER CAME INTO THE Bermuda Book Shop one morning and asked for an illustrated edition of "Wuthering Heights." "We're sold out," reported the clerk. The customer then asked, "Have you got 'Jane Eyre'?" "I'm sorry to say we haven't," said the clerk. "She left the island three months ago." That clerk is no longer with the Bermuda Book Shop. In fact, he's vanished from sight. Probably working for the diplomatic corps.

—BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 434

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 434 will be found in the next issue.

GBBGPG'NBOY YBBW GP

TMB GCB YIWB IY

PGCBOY, YP HCIG'Y GCB

QYB PL DEPSDMEU PLL

GCB KBBO.

—INIE X. CBOKBOG.

Answer to Crypt No. 433

Life is a foreign language: all men mispronounce it.

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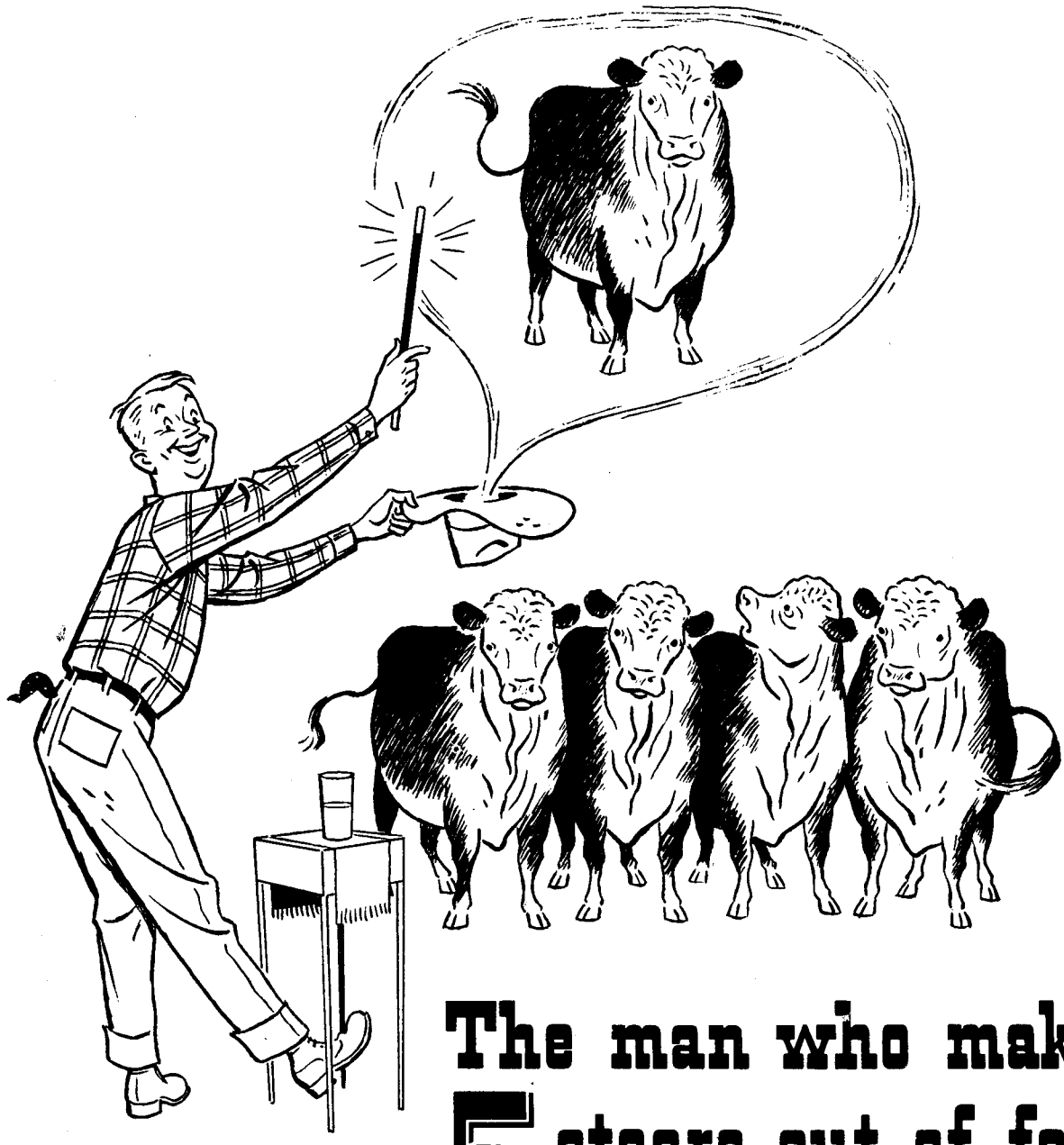

The man who makes 5 steers out of four

That fifth steer, though, really isn't an extra steer. It's extra beef on the other four; beef that would never exist were it not for this man called a "feeder."

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"A very great event in publishing history."

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THERE HAS NEVER been a book like this one. . . . That is a statement from the piper that is allowed to occur only once a season. On this particular occasion we refer to a book called LIFE IN AMERICA, published in association with the Metropolitan Museum of New York and written by Marshall B. Davidson of the museum. Two spacious volumes which overflow with pictures and with words — contemporary paintings, contemporary comment, illuminating interpretation, of five hundred years of American history — that is LIFE IN AMERICA.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

AMERICA *and* BRITAIN

THIS ISSUE explores an international relationship of long standing which is at present undergoing considerable strain.

Just fifty years ago Theodore Roosevelt was writing of Anglo-American friendship that "we must try to foster it, but not by hothouse methods." The editors of *The Saturday Review of Literature* are eager to foster that friendship, but do not believe that hothouse methods—a phrase which embraces a good deal of official propaganda on both sides—are ever very effective. They believe rather that understanding and cooperation are the products of necessity and of knowledge, and that the more the American and the English peoples know about each other the livelier will be their appreciation of their common heritage and their common destiny.

Anglo-American relations, as both Sir Oliver Franks and Professor Denis Brogan point out in the pages that follow, have for a century and a half been something like a chart of undulant fever; they are always having their ups and downs. Crisis after crisis seems to afflict the relationship: two wars which left a heritage of suspicion and misunderstanding, the Oregon dispute, the Trent crisis, the Alabama claims, the Venezuela boundary dispute, the Panama Canal tolls question, the eternal Irish question, and a score others. What other peoples bicker and quarrel so regularly —and are so regularly reconciled? For somehow the quarrels are always patched up, the recurrent crises always resolved.

The student, looking back over the history of this stormy relationship, must conclude that on the whole the ups predominate over the downs, that certainly in modern times Britain and America have been partners, and that the ability of the relationship to survive the buffetings to which it is exposed proves that it is deeply rooted, logical, and tenacious.

Against this background of the triumph of harmony over discord, current differences over such matters as, for example, British recognition of Communist China or American overtures to General Franco's Spain seem negligible enough. We might be tempted to say of these and other comparable misunderstandings what Longfellow wrote in the "Building of the Ship":

> Fear not each sudden sound and shock
> 'Tis of the wave and not the rock,
> 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
> And not a rent made by the gale!

Surely the historian, a century from now, will accord little attention to present differences!

Yet it is by no means clear that we can take refuge in the comfortable assurance that the present crisis will pass just because all previous crises have passed, and that we need not be overly anxious about the consequences of even a temporary breach between the two great English-speaking peoples. Never before, except in the fateful years 1939-1941, were the issues confronting these peoples so prodigious, never before was time so pressing. The nineteenth century, after all, could afford the luxury of misunderstanding, confident that reason would triumph over unreason, and that all would come right in the end. But we can no longer console ourselves with such naive reflections. We have no assurance that time will be given us to iron out present differences and fashion common policies; we are not even sure that there will be an historian, a century from now, to chronicle the outcome of the present crisis. In short our generation cannot afford the kind of irresponsibility to which Sir Oliver and Professor Brogan both refer.

The editors of *The Saturday Review* believe that the long-standing partnership of America and Britain is founded not primarily on sentiment, but on common interest, common experience, common values, and a common faith, and that as long as the American and the British peoples cherish their traditional values and sustain their faith the partnership will flourish. To the prosperity of that partnership this issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* is dedicated.

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER,
Guest Editor.

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1. A Declaration of Interdependence

SIR OLIVER FRANKS

—Harris & Ewing.

ONE hundred and seventy-five years ago Thomas Jefferson wrote into the Declaration of Independence the principles of democracy With the passage of time the principles have gained a wider significance: they have been accepted as a Declaration of the Independence of Man. The great truths they proclaim still hold good, but today their application has to take into account the division of the world and the threat of expansionist, aggressive Communism. It has become apparent that the liberty of man is dependent upon his ability to resist aggression.

The division of the world by the Iron Curtain has thrown into sharp relief yet another basic truth: that upon the close and fraternal association of the United States of America and the British Commonwealth of Nations rests the hope and destiny of the free world. The inner strength on which this association depends is the relationship between the United States and Britain. In its long history, its emotional complexity, and the firmness and strength it has developed with the years this relationship is unique.

Good relations, close relations between any two governments or peoples one would normally regard as an excellent thing. Any relationship between countries which helps to strengthen the delicate fabric of international life and promote understanding and trust across national frontiers is to the good. Why do Anglo-American relations matter so much? Why does any strain in the relationship between the United States and Britain and the British Commonwealth immediately arouse concern among many on both sides of the Atlantic, people in the United States, in Britain, in the other countries of the Commonwealth, and among many too who are citizens of nations outside this great group? Why is it taken for granted that a special and particular importance attaches to good and close relations within the English-speaking world?

In one quarter the fundamental importance of the firm relationship between the United States and Britain, of the close association of the English-speaking peoples, has never been doubted all through the troubled years which have succeeded World War II. At first sight it is perhaps an unexpected quarter: it is that of expansionist, aggressive Communism. At all times it has been completely clear to the Communists that there is one supreme obstacle across their path of expansion, one unyielding force which has blocked any easy success for their policies, their tactics, and their ideas.

They have concentrated their attack on the Anglo-American partnership in world affairs, dubbed for purposes of propaganda the partnership of the "Anglo-American capitalists and imperialists." They have sought by every means in their power to divide Britain and the United States, to weaken and, if possible, destroy their working partnership in the grand design to preserve the sanity and freedom of the world. To them, at least, Anglo-American relations are fundamental to the course of human affairs.

What do the Communists see that is so dangerous to their designs and that warrants so sustained and concentrated an attack? They see a great combination of spiritual and material power, bound together by strong ties and dedicated to a range of values and a way of life different from and inimical to those habits of thinking and living which dominate the Communist totalitarian state. The Anglo-American relationship is rooted in a common heritage of very simple ideas, laboriously worked out and applied over the centuries to the pattern of living. The key ideas of Western civilization—the unique quality of the individual human life, liberty, justice, and the rule of law—all these have slowly, by painful experiment and at times by costly sacrifice, become part and parcel of the social structure and background of the individual life. From them has flowed the inspiration which has led to the gradual achievement of political democracy. From Magna Carta on there is a glorious story of experiment and innovation, of learning the greatest and most difficult thing in the political life of nations, the art of responsible government. The process is never perfected, for like all life it faces the alternatives of advance or decay. Effort, patience, ingenuity, modification are the continuous price of the democratic process.

IT IS from these roots that the English-speaking peoples have developed. Thanks to their common heritage and the use made of it, the United States, Britain, and other countries of the British Commonwealth are the homes of free men with free ideas living in free societies. It is with reason that the Communists distrust this long tradition, the steady development and the deep and passionate attachment of the British and American peoples to the great freedoms that they have written so deep into their institutions. This spirit is the strongest thing in the world: it is what makes the partnership between Britain and America the sure foundation of the defense of freedom.

Out of these nations has come a great revolution in man's control over nature. Scientific discovery, technical

Sir Oliver Franks, formerly a professor of philosophy at Oxford, has been British Ambassador to the United States since 1948.

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application and development, enterprise, and the resolve and boldness of pioneers have brought unmatched material resources and power to the English-speaking world. Productive and industrial efficiency has grown so great that it has revolutionized the lot of men and women and brought a spectacular rise in the standards of living. The material wealth and power of the English-speaking peoples is vast, and rapidly increasing.

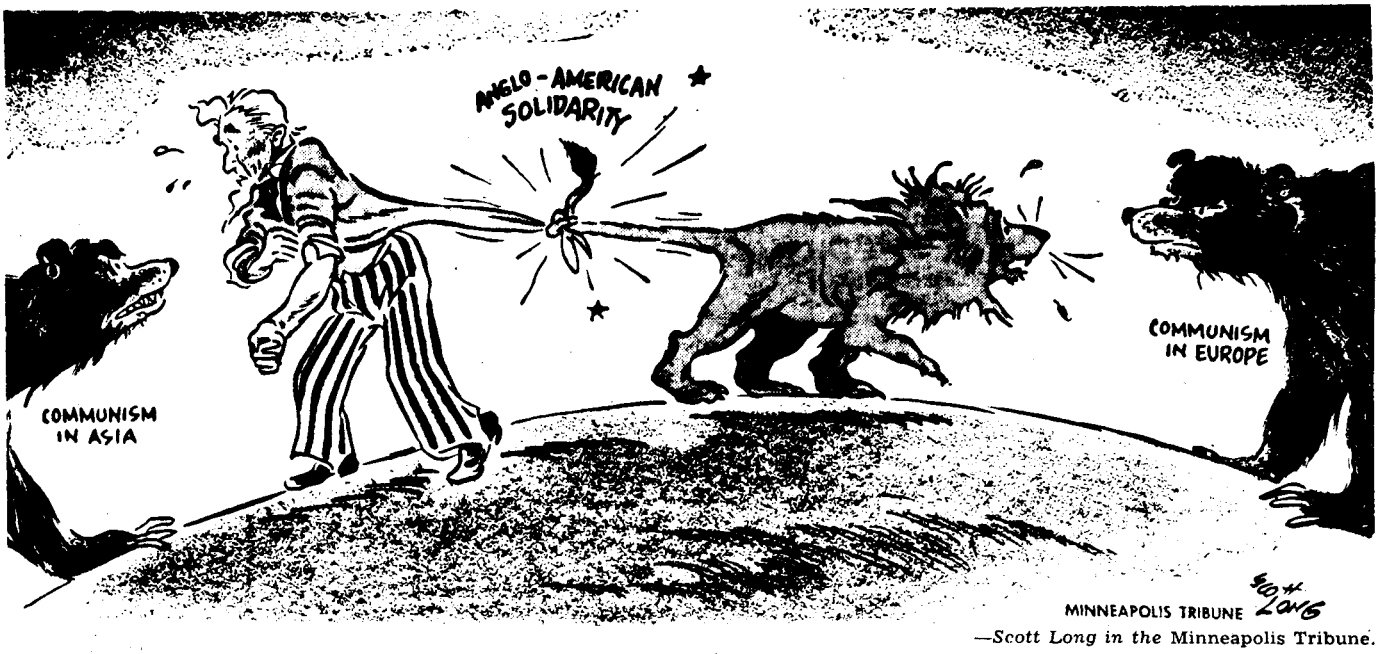
Yet it has been used to give the lie in practice to Communist theory. A hundred years have passed since Karl Marx sat writing in the British Museum in London. He foresaw, and proclaimed as inevitable, strange consequences of this vast increase in wealth and power. Its unequal distribution, he said, would divide and finally break society and thus usher in the Communist revolution. Stage by stage, wealth and power would be concentrated in fewer hands: stage by stage, the mass of the people would be impoverished until they had nothing more to lose and must revolt. Every decade that has passed since the middle of the nineteenth century has made its significant contribution to the progressive practical refutation of the Marxian theory. Karl Marx had not perceived the spiritual heritage, the great ideas, by which the English-speaking peoples direct their doings and fashion their societies. Free men in free societies have used the increase of wealth to increase opportunity for all, lessen the division between wealth and poverty, and progressively give to all the chance of decent living.

Twice in the first half of the twentieth century the world has been threatened by a powerful aggressor. Twice the cause of liberty has been defended. In each world war the close association of the British and American peoples has developed and grown in range and strength. As the broad identity of the policies which Britain and the United States pursue emerged with increasing clarity and understanding ancient distrust and rivalry disappeared. The Grand Alliance of World War II exhibited a degree of harmonious cooperation between the United States, Britain, and the Commonwealth never before experienced between allies in war. The great decisions of policy were made together, and given effect all over the world by joint action. The Combined Chiefs of Staff sitting in Washington gave unity to the direction of all the operations which involved British and American forces, and General Eisenhower at SHAEF directed a headquarters staff thoroughly integrated in the common cause.

THE difficult years since World War II have seen a continuance of these habits of working together. Though there have often been differences of view on questions of timing and method, differences have rarely arisen on the great aims of policy. The web of Anglo-American relations has grown continuously closer and stronger. That this has been the case is a great tribute to the underlying unity of the partnership. In the five years after the war the partnership was unequal, not simply through the natural inequalities between the United States and Britain, but because of Britain's economic exhaustion after the war and the enormous difficulties that had to be surmounted to achieve economic recovery. First by the British Loan and then through the European Recovery Program the United States came to the help of Britain, as did also her neighbor Canada through large credits generously extended. For five years the Anglo-American partnership sustained the added role of giver and receiver. In these years the United States exhibited a magnanimity and tact in action which had few, if any, parallels in history. Thanks to this help and to the great efforts and resolute self-sacrifice of the men and women of Britain, a large measure of economic recovery was achieved. At the same time the relationship of the countries was kept free from the entanglements which so often arise between those who give and those who receive.

Today this is our inheritance, the close working association of the United States and Britain and the British Commonwealth. It is a precious inheritance. The future of Anglo-American relations will go a long way to determine the future of the world. But Anglo-American relations are not to be taken for granted. They do not grow close and firm without effort or of themselves. Like all the important things of life, the relationship has to be worked on continuously, re-interpreted and re-adapted to changing circumstance. There are always difficulties to be overcome, misunderstandings to be avoided, and differences of opinion to be discussed and resolved. To endure and be strong the relationship has continuously to be remade. The work is never done, never complete.

There are some who when they hear of difficulties, misunderstandings, and



—*Scott Long in the* Minneapolis Tribune.

"Strain on the Family Tie."

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differences of opinion take alarm and fear for the future. How much more there would be to fear if there was no discussion, no frank, healthy argument! It is only when relations are distant and contacts infrequent that differences do not occur and discussion is not needed; no one ever worried about the relations of Imperial Rome and the great Empire of China, for they had no points of contact. But Britain and the United States have innumerable points of contact, interests in every portion of the globe to harmonize and reconcile, and great questions of policy to resolve if the action of each is to be aided and reinforced by the action of the other. It is because the relationship is so close and the habits of consultation so ingrained that discussion and argument are always going on.

IT is not to be expected that the first thoughts of Britain and the United States will always be the same. It would be most unnatural if this were so. Each is a great nation with its own history. The histories differ in all sorts of ways and so do the experiences. Contrast the great expansion of Britain over the sea lanes of the world in the last three or four centuries with the continental expansion of the United States over the last near two hundred years. In the British tradition the oceans unite, the land divides. The United States was made, as the very name implies, by a great epic of pioneering achievement which bound the two sides of the North American continent together in unity. And as the histories differ, so do temperaments and habits of thought and feeling. All nations develop their specific quality and individual character. How poor Anglo-American relations would be if these differences of history, temperament, thought, and feeling did not exist, if there were not always the possibility that the one partner would contribute out of his history and life something the other has not got. It is natural and right that Anglo-American relations, to be close, firm, and healthy, should embrace discussion by which initial differences of approach are examined and resolved.

Occasionally a difference of opinion threatens to go deeper. It is then that the occasion calls for care and hard work, for when a difference occurs over a large question of policy the consequences threaten to spread out into ever further divergencies. In recent months many have felt that the differences of view between the United States and Britain about China were of this character. The origins of this difference go back some little way in

(*Continued on page* 59)

BACKGROUND FOR PARTNERSHIP

2. *Britain: An Economy Under Strain*

BARBARA WARD

—*Dorothy Wilding.*

WE NOW TAKE it to be a hallmark of bad art and bad psychology to call a man by a simple epithet —Mr. Puff, a hypocrite, or Lovelace, a philanderer. We recognize men for complex creatures, capable of change and growth. Yet with organisms as various and complicated as national economies, many of us still seem to think one word enough; Britain is a "Socialist economy," America "a monopoly capitalism," and all is said. But economies are like men. They grow and they change, and they are always under the pressure of powerful external forces. To understand the British economy at all, one would do better to look at the forces at work on it than to seek its definition in a paragraph or a word. At present the British economy is sharply worked on by the problem of its external balance of payments, by its internal crisis of inflation, and by the aggravation of both in the cold war. Under the impact of these three Britain is what it is, and is also changing all the time.

The economy upon which these pressures are working is the oldest industrial economy in the world. During 150 years of economic development the British have built up an economy which is between 80 and 90 per cent industrialized. Since, however, the basis of this economy is a small densely-populated island which provides only coal (and fish) in abundance and could hardly, under any circumstances, feed its fifty millions, its whole industrial economy depends upon the purchase of essential supplies abroad. Cut off trade and the British economy is cut off at the roots.

The starting point for an understanding of Britain's economic position is the state of its trade and commerce. Indeed, anyone looking back over the last six years can only be impressed by the extent to which the balance of payments has been the recurring theme of danger and near-disaster—the run on sterling in 1947, for instance, the crisis of devaluation in 1949, and now the new fall in reserves in 1951.

This precariousness springs from a double revolution in Britain's commercial position. The war turned Britain from a creditor into the world's largest debtor. It also completed the process of transferring economic supremacy from Britain to the United States. Since 1945 the free world has been able to follow this drama in concrete form—in the shape of the relative weakness of sterling and the immense strength of the dollar—but under these monetary symbols has lain a profound reorientation in the economic forces of the world.

Before the war Britain as a creditor nation and the center of a great free-trading system, the Sterling Area, could afford a passive trade balance and cover the gap with income from foreign investments. The war and the postwar period have seen not only a massive liquidation of British investments, but an accumulation of some eleven billion dollars in war debts to

—*From the* Louisville Times.

"Britain Always Wins the Last Battle."

Barbara Ward was for many years an editor on the influential British weekly The Economist. *Her latest books are "The West at Bay"* (1948) *and "Policy for the West"* (1951).

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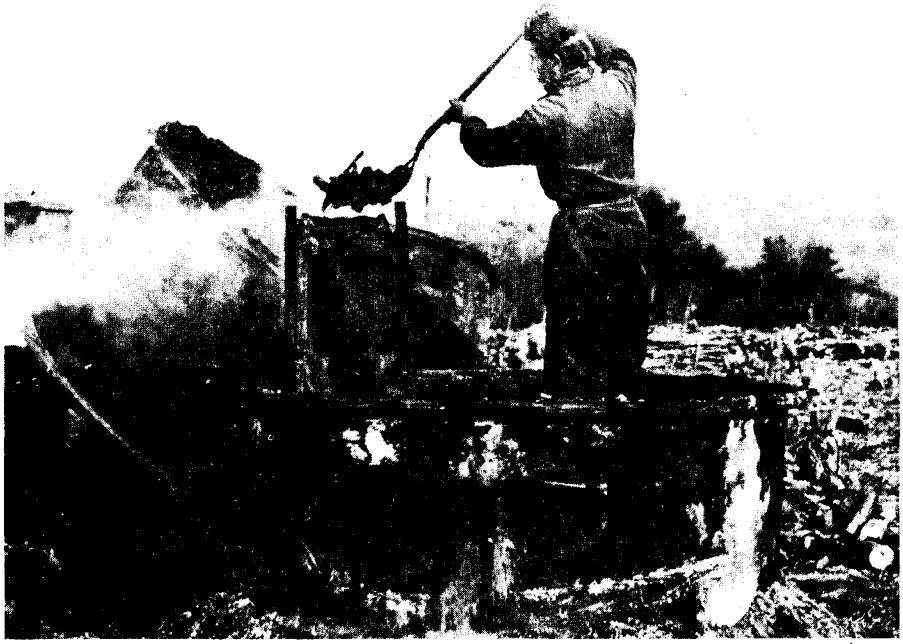
such countries as Egypt and India. The existence of these vast "sterling blances" was immediately recognized as a threat to sterling. Their effect was reinforced by the domestic policies pursued in Britain. As we shall see later, the British economy has been maintained throughout the postwar world in a state of over-full employment and semi-inflation, with the result that high and sustained demand for imports has kept a tide of sterling spilling out over Britain's frontiers. With the war debts abroad and the piling up of demand at home, the world from 1945 to 1949 found it had sterling to burn—and money, like everything else, can lose its value if there is too much of it. The British tried by both negative and positive policies to check the consequences of this oversupply of sterling. They kept sterling inconvertible and maintained exchange control. But they also achieved a 75 per cent increase in their visible exports, and all the best products of British industry were reserved—and still are—"for export only."

After the 30 per cent devaluation of the pound in 1949 had brought the supposed and real value of sterling more nearly into line it began to look as though the gap in the balance of payments had been bridged. British reserves began to rise, trade balances with Europe were highly favorable, there was even a surplus with the United States. In these circumstances, many controls on sterling were relaxed, and when Britain took the whole Sterling Area into the European Payments Union in 1950 exchange control was virtually abolished for all currencies, except the dollar.

AT this point we reach the other aspect of Britain's commercial revolution—the transfer of decisive economic power from London to Washington. War or no war, sterling balances or no sterling balances, this change would have meant a profound upheaval. So long as Britain, a small island, was the center of world trade, its necessary purchases of food and raw materials overseas provided the sterling to pay for its exports and its loans. The world's largest seller was also the largest buyer. There were never famines of sterling. The emergence of "hard," scarce currencies has been largely a postwar phenomenon.

From the first it was likely that America, a vast self-sufficient continent, would need to buy less abroad and yet be able to provide more exports than Britain had done. And so it turned out. Even in the Thirties Europe had to ship off a billion dollars in gold to settle its trade debts with the United States. The war made this disequilibrium infinitely worse; while America's economy doubled in size, the rest of the world was impoverished and disorganized. Virtually every nation needed more dollars than it could earn, and since the Sterling Area includes more buyers than any other trading unit, the drain on dollars was felt more severely in London than anywhere else. The American loan to Britain of some three billion pounds tided the nations over the years 1946 and 1947, when Europe's unfavorable balance alone was nine billion dollars a year. But in 1947 every nation began to run out of dollars at once.



—*Acme.*

Bagging up charcoal for nylons—"Britain took the lead in [postwar] European recovery."

We know America's magnificent response to this crisis. The Marshall Plan went far in two years to redress the unbalance of the war. Britain took the lead in European recovery, raising its industrial production 50 per cent above the prewar level and its agriculture by 20 per cent. Trade recovered and exports to America increased; towards the end of 1950, when the United States for the first time in years bought abroad more than it sold, the shortage of dollars on current account came to an end —for the time being.

Why then does not 1951 see the restoration of complete convertibility? Four reasons still appear to influence the British authorities. The first is the scale of the still unpaid sterling debts, which weigh even on current trading. The present British reserve of four billion dollars to offset those debts and to underpin 50 per cent of the world's trade is certainly still dangerously small. The second reason is the belief that the present balance is chiefly due to America's vast boom and to its heavy stockpiling as a result of Korea. When one or the other passes a world deficit with America will appear again. The third is the violent post-Korean increase in world prices for the primary products imported by Britain.

The fourth and probably the chief reason is the realization in London that the decisive role in world trade has passed to the United States, and the fear that sterling, free from all control, might be left to face nameless hazards. In 1949 a 5 per cent fall in American business activity produced a 30 per cent fall in American imports. In three months the dollars available to the world fell by 500 millions, and this fall helped to precipitate devaluation. It may well be a feeling of needing defenses against such outside fluctuations that leads the British authorities, so long masters of world trade, but now dethroned, to believe that sterling must still be defended and that the day of the acute "dollar problem" has not yet passed.

This fear that external fluctuation will destroy the balance of the British economy is simply one more manifestation of a state of mind that has been dominant in British thinking since 1945. The electorate who voted the Labor Government into power and the men for whom they voted had this in common: they were determined to have no repetition of the mass unemployment of the inter-war years. The mood of 1945 cannot be understood unless it is seen as a mood

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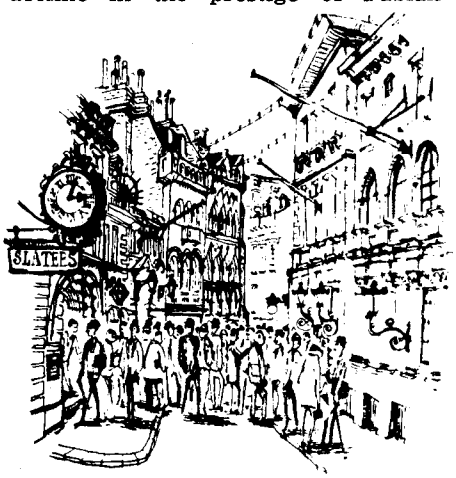
of violent revulsion. It was revulsion against a decade in which the domestic economy had been overshadowed by the uncured problem of mass unemployment. It was the misery of the mining villages and the despair of towns like Jarrow that gave so much middle-class support to the Labor Party and paved the way for its victory in 1945. Indeed, so deeply ingrained is this memory of despairing men that even the 1950 election was fought on the issue of "full employment."

IN the Thirties the Labor Party tended to accept uncritically the idea that public ownership would end unemployment. This was not the Marxian concept of state ownership as a revolutionary means of establishing the dictatorship of the proletariat. It was simply a Fabian belief that "production for use, not profit," conducted through public institutions, would eliminate mass unemployment. On the eve of the war a new trend of thought became apparent—and not only on the Left. It can be roughly summed up under the heading of "planning," a notion absent in Marx, Lenin, or Sidney Webb, and its force lay in the contention that unemployment represents a waste of resources and a lack of control over the human environment. Man should be able to use the powers of government to produce economic stability and to iron out such appalling catastrophes as the Great Depression.

This new line of thought would have been unacceptable without the work of Lord Keynes, who had pointed out in 1936 that completely unplanned industrial economies cannot avoid the alternation of slump and boom but that deflation—or depression—can be countered by maintaining demand through "a high and stable level of investment." The decisive change in the British Labor Party since 1939 has been the steady decline in the prestige of Fabian



—From "Other People's Lives."

Closing time on the City Exchange.

policies of nationalization and the increasing dominance of Keynesian concepts of planning. The war certainly accelerated this change, as even the most rabid liberal admits the necessity of planning in wartime. Thus in 1945 the Labor Ministers were able to take over an armory of controls which, though they had helped to administer them during the war, they could not have dreamed of in 1939.

Nor, on the other hand, could they have dreamed of the world which they were now called upon to face. Under any circumstances the claims upon British resources in 1945 would have been stupifying. There were six years of lost investment and war damage to be made good; exports had to be increased by 75 per cent; Europe had to be policed and fed; sterling balances were to be honored. The program was sufficient to secure the fullest employment, indeed an inflation of the economy for years to come. But the Labor leaders' program had been framed and their emotional attitudes fixed in the Thirties, in an era of deflation. They, therefore, plunged into even further expenditure. All the social services, including a vast housing program, were expanded; new investment was pushed up to consume 20 per cent of current income (the percentage in the Thirties had been 3 per cent); big colonial development schemes were launched. And, at the same time, the Exchequer pursued a policy of cheap money. The aims themselves were all doubtless desirable; most of them appeared on the programs of both political parties. But there simply were not the resources to carry out all of them at once.

The bounding inflation that followed from such pressure upon the community's resources was held in check by Draconian taxation, a balanced budget, controls on materials, capital and foreign trade, price controls, subsidies, wage and profit restraints. Most of these controls, supposedly "inseparable from Socialism," are in fact inseparable from suppressed inflation. It was, in short, the mistake and the misfortune of Labor Ministers to pursue what they assumed to be Keynesian methods of "sustaining demand" at a time when too much demand had already precipitated world-wide inflation.

With one sharp and temporary drawing-in of the reins under Sir Stafford Cripps in 1948, British policy is still characterized by this universal suppressed inflation. This fact, more than any disputes and differences over nationalization, has dominated the British economy since 1945. The effects of nationalization have been negligible. Most people see no alternative to it in the coalfields; the nationalization of public utilities and transport stirs little real feeling. The transfer of iron and steel to public ownership will certainly be reversed by the next Conservative Government, although a large measure of public control will be maintained. This fading out of nationalization as a crucial issue in policy is manifest even within the Labor Party. The new Socialist International Movement has, largely under British guidance, declared against general public ownership, and some trade-union leaders in England are now declaring further nationalization to be "disastrous." The center and heart of controversy remains the question of "planning for full employment"—in other words, the question whether a high level of economic activity can and should be sustained by positive measures undertaken by government.

The controversy extends far beyond Britain. It is roughly true to say that, in free Europe, Holland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark have followed the same road of planning to secure high economic activity, while Belgium, France, Italy, and Western Germany have decided to let the free market recover some of its old influence even at the risk of a measure of deflation. A first and obvious advantage the planners can claim is that the welfare state produces a degree of social cohesion and harmony impossible in countries where the rich evade taxation, where luxury spending goes side by side with real want, and where the Communist Party maintains a dangerous hold—as it has done in Italy and France. The upholders of the free economy have also still to explain their methods of achieving high employment. Thus unemployment has risen to as much as 11 per cent of the working population in Belgium since the war, and is now on the rise in Western Germany.

Equally, however, the supporters of the planned or semi-planned economies have a number of questions still to answer. At what point does taxation for welfare check the desire to produce further and discourage into sterility the vital middle classes? At what point does complete security of employment decrease initiative? At what point does spending on the social services actually encroach upon investment? Can a full use of resources be achieved without a dangerous degree of inflation? Can one country pursue full employment if others choose a more deflationary path? Can a fully extended economy,

(*Continued on page* 65)

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3. Political Principles in a Changing Society

W. L. BURN

THE difference between describing the British political tradition as it existed at any given moment in the past and describing it as it exists at present is the difference between shooting at a stationary target and shooting at a moving one. Suppose we take the easier task first and see what that tradition was in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The basis of it was the respect paid and the protection given to a few elementary rights of the individual—the right to acquire and hold and bequeath property, the right of access to the courts, the right to practise religious observances freely, to speak and write freely, to assemble freely in public or private. These rights were a long way from being absolute. The owner of real property had to take into account such legislation as the Public Health Acts as well as the rights of his neighbors. The speaker or writer might be prosecuted for obscenity or sedition or might be sued for defamation. Freedom of public meeting did not cover meetings for illegal or immoral purposes or those likely to result in a breach of the peace. Still, the assumption was that the Englishman ought to be protected and encouraged in the exercise of his elementary civic rights unless it could be proved that for some specific public or private reason he ought not. The absence of arbitrary power, of compulsion by force, of restriction by caste or creed constituted the accepted bases of society and the ends of government.

The means of government, equally well grounded in tradition, began with the exercise of the franchise. The electors chose members of Parliament; from those members there was chosen a Cabinet which commanded the support of the majority of them; and as long as it retained that support the Cabinet governed the country. Here, again, the reality was a good deal more complicated. Only one part of the supreme legislature, the House of Commons, was elective: the monarchy and the House of Lords were hereditary. But the monarchy had ceased to be an effective force in day-to-day politics and its chief function was now that of symbolizing national and imperial unity. The House of Lords still exercised considerable power, but it was accepted that in the last resort the will of the people as expressed at the polls would and should prevail. Finally, these principles of individual freedom and majority rule were regarded as being extensible abroad and there was a tendency to rate foreign countries according to the degree to which they accepted and practised them.

THESE principles were easily intelligible, but their relations to each other and the effective range of their extension were very far from clear. There were two major sources of ambiguity. The theoretical basis of the constitution was the sovereignty of Parliament or, technically speaking, of the King in Parliament. From an Act of Parliament there was no appeal in law. There was no Court which could declare an Act of Parliament void as unconstitutional. If Parliament chose to confiscate a man's property, to deprive him of his civil rights, for that matter to sentence him to death, there was nothing he could do but hope to survive until Parliament reversed its decision. And more and more the King in Parliament was to be translated into that party which secured a majority of seats in the House of Com-

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—*British Information Service.*

From the Houses of Parliament to Charing Cross by Water Bus.

mons. Presumably majority rule meant that such a party, through its committee, the Cabinet, would exercise sovereign power; and majority rule had become part of the national political tradition. But a wide range of liberty for individuals and minorities had also become part of that tradition. How long would these two traditions continue to be compatible? If a clash came between individual rights and the will of the majority, the letter of the law would be on the side of the majority.

That was the domestic problem. The other problem was imperial. Though Britain had a vast empire, the average Englishman had no philosophy of empire and was apt to exchange the roles of imperialist and little-Englander with disconcerting rapidity. In the last resort, however, he was prepared to deal with imperial affairs not by the aid of any philosophy specially constructed for that purpose, but by the standards of Clapham or Hackney or Little-Puddleton-in-the-Marsh. When he discovered that slavery was a sin against God and a crime against man he forthwith abolished slavery in his colonies with scant regard to colonial opinion. When he made the subsequent discovery that free trade was the remedy for most of the evils in the world he thrust it upon the reluctant economies of his colonies. How long, then, could he, as a professed believer in representative institutions and national self-determination, continue to rule subject peoples, to their benefit, no doubt, but in the last resort without their consent as consent was understood in Britain? Was it only men of European stock who were fit to have votes and manage their own affairs? No doubt he could point, in most cases with justice, to the destruction of life and property which his withdrawal would cause, to his civilizing mission, to his role as trustee for the world at large. He might even anticipate Santayana's praise—"Never since the heroic days of Greece has the world had such a sweet, just, boyish master." But a master implies a servant. Were societies based on the master-servant relationship compatible with the British belief in political equality, even when the master was white and the servant was black?

THESE two dilemmas had been dealt with, or by-passed, fairly easily and successfully by the classes which had hitherto managed the affairs of the country. "Nice" people are as much embarrassed today by the frank discussion of the realities of class as their grandparents were by frank discussion of the realities of sex, but no account of the British political tradition would be adequate which did not give a large place to the aristocratic element. The expression, of course, does not mean the same thing or cover the same people at all times. The typical, though not the only, member of the governing class in the eighteenth century was the landed aristocrat, a magnate in his own country and a power in Parliament. He and his kind built the great houses, made the collections of pictures, replanned the countryside and its farming practices, and drove the mass of the nation along the road to greatness. The ordinary Englishman was at one time or another their servant, their cannon-fodder, their critic, and their paymaster. At their worst they were harsh and callous; at their best they left a tradition of disinterestedness and intelligent intuition. They showed a remarkable power of adaptation in the face of the Industrial Revolution and the extension of the franchise, but before the end of the nineteenth century they had given place, to a large extent, to the class immediately below them.

This, the upper-middle class, was the product of the reformed public schools and the reformed universities. Its members made their names in the reformed Parliament, the reformed law courts, the reformed civil service. They extended and consolidated their influence in the new periodicals, the *Pall Mall Gazette, Contemporary, The Nineteenth Century.* They were the beneficiaries of the great Liberal awakening of the previous generation and so far as Liberalism meant a release of energies and a premium upon individual ability they were Liberals. But so far as it seemed to aim at the disintegration of authority or to be wrapped up in minor aspects of social reform, such as the licensing laws and the establishment of parish councils, they were turning to Conservatism, though their Conservatism had little in common with the neo-feudalism and sentimental mysticism of Young England. Most of them cared little for natural rights or for minorities as such, but they believed that the welfare of society was bound up with the welfare of such expensively educated, reasonably well-to-do people as themselves. Such people would always be in a minority and their coercion by the majority was likely to lead to social sterility. As regards subject peoples, they were far more concerned with governing them efficiently than with philosophic queries about their right to govern.

There is no need to trace in detail

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1. America Through British Eyes

D. W. BROGAN

—Harris & Ewing.

IT IS usually unprofitable to use anniversaries as diving boards for studies of contemporary conditions. Seldom enough does the jubilee or centenary, when it comes round, fit the mood that it is supposed to recall. But there is some utility today in recalling 1851—the year of the first and most famous international exhibition. For in 1851, more even than at either of the jubilees of Queen Victoria, English self-satisfaction reached its height, and the contrast between the Great Exhibition of 1851 and the Festival of Britain of 1951 is a good way of marking the change in the British position in the world and the British view of the world. It is a good way, too, to illustrate the change in the relative positions of Britain and the United States.

In 1851 the complacency of the English was contrasted with the less confident frame of mind of all the other peoples of the civilized world (all Asians, in that complacent age, were excluded from the civilized world). In Europe reaction had triumphed. Order reigned in Warsaw and Moscow, in Berlin and Rome. That is to say, the fine hopes of 1848 had been proved baseless. Barricades were not the way to win freedom, real freedom; that slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent and was not to be secured by any red furies of the Seine. It is unnecessary to stress the change that by 1951 has come over the world as seen from the tight little island. Yet that change and its psychological and material results must be borne in mind if the English view of America is to be understood. First of all, it is no longer a tight little island. All around you in London are proofs of that. The Exhibition of 1851 was built in the pleasant greenery of Hyde Park; the Festival of 1951 is built on what was a year or two ago a vast mound of bomb rubble, more like a West Virginia coal tip than an area in the heart of a great capital city. The catalogue could be continued, but there is no need to do so, for the change boils down to this. In 1851 the modern world was largely an English creation. Its makers looked on it and found it good. True, not the most confident, most optimistic Englishmen, not Palmerston on one side or Cobden on the other, thought that it was possible or desirable or necessary to impose the English way on the world. Certainly it was not necessary. Was not all the world coming to school in London? Were not the basic lessons of prudential Christianity being taught by direct and indirect means in London, in Calcutta, in Hong Kong, in Singapore, and, of course, in New York, Paris, St. Petersburg, Rio de Janeiro? And today? Well, the desire to teach is there, the conviction that the world needs teaching is there, but where are the pupils? And where are the ex-pupils to say politely and gratefully, "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"?

Surveying mankind from China to Peru, Mr. Podsnap in 1851 might well have rejoiced in his favored position, and schoolchildren might well have been taught to sing: "I am a happy English child." Nor was the economic, apart from the political, prospect any less pleasing to the loyal subject of Queen Victoria. By the adoption of free trade England had set the world an example that they would be wise to follow. The way was open to greater wealth and civilization (in the English mind of 1851 they were united). And it was not only the rich, the great Whig magnates, the new cotton millionaires, who thought this. The workers in the dark, satanic mills were themselves turning away from violence, were accepting the new order, were producing their own answers to some of its problems in the new trade unions, the new cooperatives. They were settling down in the new industrial society that so far had no parallel in the whole world.

FOR, a point not noted enough in the perpetual discussion of "Anglo-American relations," a great deal of English criticism, a great many English complaints are not specifically criticisms of or complaints about America. They are criticisms of the modern world, complaints about modern history which are bound to use American examples simply because the modern world, the world of 1951, so unlike the world of 1851, is a world dominated, led, largely created, by America. Karl Marx had to use England as his laboratory for his analysis of capitalist society because England was then the only full-scale example of capitalist society. And in the modern world of the atom bomb, the movies, the assembly line, the cheap car, modern plumbing, color film, Marshall aid, bubble gum, the jeep, the center of power is the United States. Only if you totally like the modern world (and who does?) can you escape the temptation, indeed, the necessity, of criticizing, of abusing some parts of modern society, and the easiest way to do that is to take them in their most representative form, which nine times out of ten will be an American form.

It is this which explains the, at first sight, extraordinary phenomenon that

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a Swede, an Indian, a Brazilian, an Englishman, none of them Communists or fellow-travelers, may easily and do frequently fall into denouncing the United States, true in inconsistent terms, but with a heart-warming degree of heat. That heat expresses, often enough, no considered judgment on the United States. It merely represents the realization that we are victims of the formidable Chinese curse: "May you live in interesting times." The world has been, with brief and illusory intervals, living in interesting time for forty years. During those times by far the greater part of the present living population has been born. During those times fear, disorder, massacre, war, new methods of destruction, all have grown. So has the power of the United States. Q.E.D.

But if the English attitude is a special case of a general attitude, it is a very special case. For it is not only that in many fields American power has replaced British, but, despite all the nonsense talked about it, the linguistic and cultural relationship between England and America is not paralleled in any other pair of relationships. That England has been and is being replaced by America in many areas is evident. Sometimes it is accepted as a mutually advantageous partnership: new blood, new capital, new ideas. But, of course, the arrival of the new, energetic, highly confident rival may not please the old-established firm or its agents any more than the arrival of "the young, light-hearted masters of the waves," the Greeks, pleased the Phoenicians.

Just because American power is spreading all over the world and because English power (even if diminishing) is still spread all over the world, the points of contact, of competition, of amity, of friction are numerous. If, for example, British oil management is finally ejected from Persia for good and after a year or two the Persians have to fall back on American management, however camouflaged, it will take all the public relations skills of both countries to keep to a reasonable minimum the popularity of the view that for ways that are dark the Heathen Chinee has nothing on the Yank. A good many more instances of the fears, not general, but not confined to a lunatic fringe, which bedevil relations between the two countries could be given, but the Persian case will suffice. It has its comic side, but there it is, a change from the old American picture of the subtle, English aristocratic diplomat with his Oxford accent and monocle, swindling the pants off some

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2. The English Character: An Interpretation

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Some passages in this essay appeared in an article, "English Traits," in the* Atlantic Monthly *for August 1948.*

"WHAT KIND of people do they think we are?" asked Churchill at a fateful moment in history, and it was because Hitler and Mussolini did not know, or ignored, the kind of people the English were that their calculations proved so catastrophically wrong. It is a risky thing to generalize about national character, but it is one of the risks that must be taken, for it is upon such speculations—or evaluations—that much of foreign policy is built. We know now that treaties are not in themselves binding, nor is international law. What we rely upon, in the last instance, are our assumptions or convictions of the way a nation will act. It was just such a conviction about the American character that sustained the British in their days of mortal peril—the conviction that "in God's good time, the new world" would "step forth to the rescue and liberation of the old." It is such assumptions or convictions which furnish the real cement to the Atlantic Pact and to all other plans for the defense of the Western world.

What, then, shall we say of the English character? "England is a land of mixture and surprise," wrote Emerson over a century ago, and the observation still holds good. The English character is wonderfully tenacious, but it is by no means simple. It is stable and uniform, but it is, too, various and heterogeneous; it is at once obvious and elusive; it is full of paradoxes.

A materialistic people, the English have produced more than their share of mystics and poets, more than their share of men like Donne and Herbert, Blake and Shelley, Fox and Penn. The greatest colonizing people of modern times, they are also the most parochial, passionately addicted to their own country and their own community. They have a passion for privacy, and for their homes; where Americans advertise resorts as being different from home, the English invite you to a "home away from home." They carry their language with them wherever they go and have made it a world language; they carry with them, too, their regimen of tea and bad cooking.

A small nation, with a mobile and urban population, their differences in idiom and dialect are the despair of foreigners. Vermonters and Texans can understand each other better than men from Yorkshire and Kent, or from Glasgow and London. A unified and homogeneous people, they not only persist in, but cherish, class differences. While politically they have carried democracy farther than most other peoples, they remain class conscious, and alone among English-speaking peoples they confess class by accent.

CAUTIOUS and prudent, they have a mania for gambling; the whole of England spends its evenings working out football pools. Decent, proper, and respectable, they read every week eight million copies of the *News of the World,* a paper which makes even American tabloids seem dignified. They make a fetish of bathing, but have the grimiest cities and the dirtiest trains of any Western country. Al-

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legedly without a sense of humor, or with a belated one, they have produced the greatest humorists of our time, from Gilbert and Sullivan to Birmingham and Wodehouse. The most law-abiding of people, they write the best of all mystery stories, and their literature is stained with violence. Monuments of conformity — nothing is worse than to do what is not done except to make a scene or be conspicuous —they are at the same time passionate individualists, and the nation where nonconformity is a term of rebuke is also the nation where eccentricity flourishes unrestrained. A peaceful people, kind and humane, they are when aroused pugnacious; the symbol of the bulldog is not misleading. Never prepared for wars, they always win them, except when fighting other people of English stock. Napoleon's taunt, "perfidious Albion," has been echoed for a century and a half, but in that time no nation has been more faithful to her commitments. "Let who will fail," said Emerson, "England will not fail."

Yet paradoxical as all this may appear, the English character is in fact rarely puzzling and never unreliable. The broad traits are clear enough; they persist from generation to generation and they permeate all classes of society. The qualities that unify and harmonize the English people are far stronger than those that distinguish and divide. What are some of these qualities?

THEY are a law-abiding people. Probably no other people confess the same respect for the law, and no other except the German conform so instinctively to the rules and regulations of government or of any organization that has authority. They have a genius for institutionalizing their activities, political and social. They institutionalize politics into parties, gregariousness into clubs, conquest into empire; they even institutionalize the vice of gambling into something both respectable and profitable. Everywhere property is safe, women and children are safe, life is safe. They have the best police force in the world, but the whole of English society is one vast law-enforcement agency; the police do not carry weapons, and—what is more—do not need them.

This does not mean that the English are an obedient people; they are ready enough to revolt against injustice or to disobey wrongful men or rules. The passion for abiding by laws and rules and regulations is a product of an even fiercer passion for justice and right. No phrase is more commonly used than "it's right" or "it's not right," and for most people that concludes the matter. They want to know where they stand, and they generally do. They believe in fair play, on the playing field, in the law courts, in business, in rationing, and even in fighting. They have little patience with subtlety or cleverness; they hate all chicanery, evasiveness, and slipperiness. They are staunch and forthright, and will not have moral questions sophisticated.

They believe that every man should have his due, neither more nor less, and have contrived a complex and effective system to see that each one has it. This insistence extends from formal arrangements like rationing, to informal arrangements like gratuities; it is the enemy not only of favoritism, but of carelessness as well. Before he will admit you to his libraries or his schools, before he will trade with you or bank with you, the Englishman wants to know who you are and what claims you have upon him. His acquiescence in Socialism does not spring from theoretical adherence to Socialist doctrines or from deeply-ingrained statism, but rather from this sense of fairness and justice. There must be fair shares for all, and if there is not enough to go around, then there must be an "equalization of misery." Even the rich take this for granted; they grumble far less at taxes than their American opposite numbers, and they acquiesce permanently in deprivations that no Continental rich would tolerate for a week.

They are an intensely practical people, infatuated with common sense. They have produced few great speculative philosophers, but many practical ones: Bacon and Locke, Cobden and Mill, Spencer and Huxley are their typical products, not men like Spinoza or Kant or Kierkegaard. They like to see a program, and they judge by results. They want to know where they stand, and they are not to be put off by soft answers or glib promises. They prefer to know the worst, so they can gird themselves to meet it. "Blood, sweat, and tears" does not frighten them, but fortifies them, and the stiff upper lip is a national anatomical feature.

They distrust all extremes, and have made compromise a science and moderation an art. Their very weather is a compromise between heat and cold, sunshine and shadow; even their landscape seems to be a compromise between the domesticated and the desolate. They are the most urbanized of peoples but irremediably rural-minded, and the ideal of every normal Englishman is a house in the country. Anglicanism is something of a compromise between Catholicism and Protestantism, and they manage to combine an established church with complete religious freedom and toleration. Their educational system, too, is a bundle of compromises; it is public and private, secular and religious. Oxford and Cambridge are private universities, but receive most of their money from Parliament—which would never think of interfering in their affairs.

In politics, too, they have an unerring sense for the practical and a genius for moderation. They distrust all extremes; their Conservatives are liberal and their Liberals are conservative, and even their Socialism is a compromise between true Socialism and capitalism. They will not waste their votes but, like the Americans, insist on a two-party system with third parties as safety-valves. They have

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—*British Information Services.*

". . . even the rich take 'an equalization of misery' for granted."

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3. Sober England

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

—Arni.

THESE notes on Thames-side, and beyond, have the dubious merit of being superficial — that is, they are the impressions of a traveler once deeply familiar with London and much of the incomparable English country, but a stranger to these scenes for fourteen years of war and other circumstances. Yet they have the honesty of quick and earnest experience, and a context of well-kept memories.

London, in spite of its empty sockets in trim terrace and square, and its wide clearances where the wild duck quacks in marshy ruins, has surprisingly not much changed. The rutted plains of the City, where St. Paul's now rises clear as in seventeenth-century prints, or back of Fleet Street, where Dr. Johnson's house now looks on a desolation emptier than the Hebrides, quickly adjust to the American imagination accustomed to the ruins where a skyscraper is rising or the slum clearance of insurance companies. Yet, unlike these temporary ruins, the London devastations lie in a curious pause among decades of devastation which may at any moment be renewed. And this semi-permanence is emphasized in a most English fashion by the gardens in one-time cellars, sometimes dozens in sight, where below street-level this race of lovers of the green has laid out tiny plots of turf and flowers, with a pool and paths of brick and roses stretched against what had once been cellar walls. And where man has let alone the furrows of bombs, nature has taken over the job with weeds and wild flowers, especially the purple loose-strife. There the ruins of London have become a paradise for house cats and straying children. Was it these gay interludes, or the paint which the Government has permitted so liberally for the Festival to householders, that made London, on return, seem so much brighter, cleaner, and, except for our towers, more beautiful than New York?

There is another brightness in sober London—the children. Not once, but many times, wandering in parks or in the South Side Festival Gardens, laid out and made amusing for children, was one reminded of Pope Gregory's famous remark: "Not Angles," he said of the children brought down from the pagan Angles to serve as slaves, "Not Angles, but Angels." The swarming London children are, to the traveler's eye, no longer the wizened cockney brats that Dickens wrote of, but plump and rose and white, with hair as light and as brilliant as that alloy of silver or tin which made bright the jewelry of the Dark Ages. Is it a diet—a selected and informed rationing as a result of necessity—or an easier life for the poor? They look like the children of a new country careful of its young, as in New Zealand.

Over food in general there are wide misapprehensions. England, unlike Ireland, is not stuffed with food—emphatically not. But there are plenty of vegetables, the trouble being that the English prefer not to strain their imaginations by going far beyond green cabbage and boiled potatoes, and, as the old song has it, here a bean, there a bean, here and there a good bean. But cooking and variety have both greatly improved, at least for the traveler; presumably by the demands of the hundreds of thousands of Americans, French, Italians, Poles, who called for good foods (not just potatoes and brussel sprouts) when on leave. Give the English another decade and they will stretch for egg plant and lima beans with the same courage with which they are now beginning to eat their almost inedible green corn.

As for meat—the meat shortage is here, not in England. It is true that the British family can, as a rule, buy only one roast a week, which is made to stretch over many days. But the visitor gets all he wants at, for roast beef, from one-third to one-quarter our prices. In Ireland meat is cheaper still, and the lamp chops of green Ireland, at two and six (thirty-five cents) an order, are of such a quality as only those who once saw lamb chop bones sticking out of every market basket can remember.

WHAT IS the difference between a meat shortage where only the rich can afford more than the coarser kinds, and a meat shortage because there is not enough, but what there is is cheap and good? Our economy is geared to a price which only millionaires and truck drivers can afford. Whether to eat well and cheaply while

—Photos from British Information Services.

"... the slow extinction of a grace, a power, and a beauty is an absolute loss."

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one eats and then do without, or forego good beef and lamb entirely, that is the question. One traveler ate roast beef every day in England, and made faces at the remembered prices of New York restaurants. If you wish to send food packages to England, send sweets and eggs. Either the British hen has been unionized and won't lay until she gets a better standard of living, or science (and especially refrigeration) has been less adequately applied in England and Ireland than in Iowa. Omelettes are scratched off British menus soon after dinner time, but not roast beef, steak, or, needless to say, the foundation of British metabolism, the boiled potato.

And yet it is a sober England. I have been trying to think of an appropriate adjective, and have chosen this one as truly descriptive, if only as an antithesis to the traditional "merry England." Some scholars think this epithet for early England was really *mára* England, or "great England," which would be equally appropriate to my contrast. By "sober" one does not mean the lower tone and flatter pronunciation of the Londoner, which has led so many Americans on their arrival to believe they have encountered depression or a lack of self-sufficiency. Nor does it mean the better manners of the English folk, or the lack of a shrillness which is disappearing with the cockney breed and is more characteristic now of New York. Nor the prevailing good nature of the crowds by comparison with our vast and elbow-rubbing cosmopolitanism. These are characteristics, but merely English, not significant of low spirits. The soberness goes deeper and is more immediate. It is perhaps best indicated negatively by the absence of the "jitters," which many have noted as much too evident in contemporary America. Great Britain, exposed to immediate disaster, has every right to be jittery, and is not. The British may be frightened, or nervous, or irritable, but they simply do not show it. They may be echoing what many a stranger is saying aloud, "England is finished," but no careful observer believes that this is the way their minds are running. The impression is that they are like the modern geologists, who are skeptical of cataclysms. An American notices a different current both in general talk and in the press among those whose duty it is to be commentators. Imperial England is finished, yes, finished, they seem to say, with some relief. Yet no more finished than a man at the end of an avenue who turns his eyes in another and not necessarily less interesting direction. That "world responsibility," whatever that means,

—*British Information Services.*

"... no longer the wizened cockney brats that Dickens wrote of ..."

has been shifted to our shoulders is emphatically no cause for jealousy on their part. Nor does one find a trace of sarcasm among the real leaders because we are taking it on with somewhat less dignity than they are shifting it off. Greece, they seem to suggest, was still quite a figure in world history even after Macedonians and Romans began to throw their military weight around.

BUT HISTORICAL comparisons are not too helpful. What is evident is this: that England seems far more willing to come to terms with life than do we Americans—"life" in this context in no sense meaning Russia. It is, of course, questionable whether this island can support its present population. It was questionable whether London could come through the blitz. It did, because ways were found. That is no answer, but it is an attitude, and attitudes are more important than dogmatic statements. To an outsider the British Labor Government, whatever its errors, seems to be aware that one way to keep a too large population from wrecking the state is to give them all equal sacrifices, and a more equal welfare than before. It worked in the blitz, and England is far more homogeneous as a result of that experience. It may help now. The great country places are gone or going, except in Ireland, where the descendants of the Anglo-Irish still do well by breeding the finest horses in the world. Now that these rural palaces are easy of access, the amazement at both the wealth and the good taste of the centuries of English aristocracy is quite overpowering. This slow extinction of a grace, a power, and a beauty, is an absolute loss, whatever, if any, the social gains, like other declines and falls. The eccentricity, often with its blend of arrogance, which made the Englishman such material for literature is also going fast, is perhaps now extinct. One might also say that energy has dangerously lessened, that the Elizabethan strain is burnt out of the race, except that in the last two wars more such Englishmen have appeared than in the past century. One might say that the industrial age, which began in England, is leaving it far behind, were it not for evident leadership in speculative science, and the spectacle of modern plants, efficient, clean, powerful with electricity, springing up all over the hitherto merely agricultural South, as one sees them on the road to the London airport, and beyond. England is certainly not finished; but she is sober, and rightly so. The age of giants is over. Yet the gods did pretty well on their limited Olympus.

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1. British Literature: Survey and Critique

STORM JAMESON

—Elliott & Fry.

IN A broad, very broad survey of the British literary scene, the most immediately notable point is the absence of 'great novelists, and the number of novelists who are interesting and immensely accomplished. It is the more noticeable because, except Russia, no country has been so rich in the field of the novel, and it is tempting to think simply that the field has been overcultivated and needs to lie fallow for a few generations. Our last possibly great novelist, D. H. Lawrence, died in 1930. "Ulysses" was followed by a monument to the death of language. And since Lawrence and Joyce died the virtues of our better novelists have been intelligence, powers of subtle analysis, an anxiety to make the finest possible discriminations between motives, an equal anxiety for precision in language. Their most obvious defect is a want of energy—using the word to cover a great deal, from the vitality and inventiveness of Dickens to the mental and spiritual audacity of Stendhal. They move about in their chosen worlds with, often, an elegance, and always with a conscious effort to make no mistakes, to avoid exaggeration and clumsiness, which at times becomes slightly but disconcertingly old-maidish: it is disconcerting to see young men making elderly gestures.

This is not to say that the scene is monotonous. It varies all the way from the exquisitely accomplished and perceptive Elizabeth Bowen, the eccentric (in all senses) Ivy Compton-Burnett—the English self-consciously cherish eccentrics, a few during their lifetime, and others when they are safely dead—to the warning voices of Graham Greene and George Orwell. It includes single novels which burst through the seams of the epithet "accomplished," and may, as does Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage," weigh as much as the whole remaining work of an admirable writer.

One reason for not accepting the metaphor of the over-tilled field to account for our lack of a great novelist, is that we can turn to the poetic field and find there two great poets, W. B. Yeats, who died only the other day, in 1939, and Walter De la Mare; and two others, whose stature seems less only from their narrower range—T. S. Eliot and Edith Sitwell. All four, one Irish, another born an American, lie within the great tradition of English poetry, and the American has enriched it with energies drawn, perhaps, less from his own land than from France. In De la Mare, tones, a music, a joy at once sensuous and intellectual in the visible world, an awareness of the mystical overtones of experience, echo back through the centuries, but the words start in the mind of a man acutely alive in his time. And Edith Sitwell, whose development is unbroken from her vivid experimental early poems, uses a language rich in traditional imagery and rhythms to express a contemporary anguish.

In another part of the scene, that of literary criticism, we make a fine enough show. T. S. Eliot's work, relatively small in body though it is, can stand with that of our greatest critics, in its power to use all the resources of a finely cultivated mind to make judgments at the highest—the moral and philosophical—level. Among less well-known men, Edwin Muir (a Scotsman) has this same rare power. Beside them, a number of highly civilized critics make delightful and stimulating reading—and at the same time throw an oblique light on our literary condition. Why so many fine critics and so few audacious writers?

The shortest way to find the answer to this pertinent question is to look for it in that form of literature where change is easiest to pin down, even though it means paying a disproportionate attention to the novel and to those novelists, interesting, accomplished, who write for an intelligent public—which often prefers to read biography and history. (How many years before a novelist is born able to create on the scale of Winston Churchill's report on an age?) Almost all those whose names would be included in any list offered to an inquiring foreigner appear to concentrate their interest and curiosity on personal relations, and to neglect deliberately that theme of the greatest novelists of the past, of Stendhal, Tolstoy, Balzac—man in his relation to society. Critics have spoken of the change-over from a traditional theme to the present obsessive interest in personal emotions—ultimately, of course, since a writer knows intimately only his own heart, an interest in the writer's own sensations and emotions, an exploration of his motives for action. But this is superficial and misleading. Both themes are traditional in our novel, both have a long and respectable ancestry. The ancestors of Virginia Woolf and Elizabeth Bowen are Richardson and Sterne. It is a question of stress, and the stress now falls heavily on one side, with the result that we can see: high accomplishment in a deliberately narrowed field—artificially narrowed: politics, as Stendhal knew, as Malraux knows, are an affair of the heart.

THE influence of Henry James has been great and is obvious. But a writer is influenced by that one among older writers who tells him what he wants to hear: he knows perfectly clearly what he hopes to find before he seeks it. Henry James's insistence

Among the many works of the British novelist Storm Jameson are "Cloudless May," "Before the Crossing," "The Moment of Truth," and "The Novel in Contemporary Life."

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First row: Elder poets Walter De la Mare, Edith Sitwell, and American born T. S. Eliot. Second row: Younger poets W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, and Cecil Day Lewis. Third row: Established novelists Ivy Compton-Burnett, Graham Greene, Elizabeth Bowen. Fourth row: Newer fiction writers Alex Comfort, Alexander Baron, Anthony West.

on form, his exclusion as unmanageable of much that engaged the passionate attention of Tolstoy, Balzac, Dickens, are certain to delight and reassure any novelist whose own instincts have already warned him that the world is more than he can manage. But why has the social scene become unmanageable by our novelists? One answer runs: because we live in a moral chaos, because the established moral framework has collapsed. But this very collapse is a moral condition, and proper matter for a bold novelist. Moreover, these novelists, such as Graham Greene, who are still sustained by a traditional system of morality, are not immune from the narrowness, the threat of aridity, which forces itself on our notice as soon as we pay a more than polite and admiring attention to any number of well-written and sincerely conceived modern novels. And this in spite of the depth given to Greene's work by his faith, which compels him to take into account the ferment in the human heart of original sin, an infinitely more profound view of life than that offered by Freud or Marx. His work has a double interest, because his attention to form—"The Heart of the Matter" shows him reaching a point where form is in danger of becoming formality—serves a really first-class teller of stories: his men and women examine their hearts in the course of living lives often of violent action. An immensely talented man, it seems as though he were held back from greatness by his virtues themselves, by an ironic sense of man's littleness in face of the terrible forces which try to possess him.

IT IS more likely that what frightened our novelists, and sent them scuttling for shelter to James's portly shadow, was the appalling chaos in the world itself. There is nothing new about the breakdown of a civilization, but the threat to ours is as wide as the world, and is taking place inside a technical revolution which moves in great leaps, at a speed the human mind and instincts cannot keep pace with. Our cleverness has outrun our emotional and spiritual grasp; we are too inventive for our good. So, even when one of our writers tries to grasp what is really happening in the world, the merely intellectual effort he has to make takes all his energy, and you get a novel full of clear and sometimes profound ideas, and no depth of feeling. You get Aldous Huxley at his early best, before he tried to marry an interest in profane love to an intellectual mysticism. You get George Orwell and his terrifying vision, in "Nineteen-Eighty-four," of the logical end of our attempt to cure a moral failure by authority and organization. You get Rex Warner, who at least once, in "The Aerodrome," succeeded in transposing Kafka's ethically-motived symbolism to the political level without losing all its significance: what is left is relatively shallow, but not dishonest, not without value. (The influence of Kafka on two or three intelligent younger novelists has been, on the whole, a disaster. To misuse Dr Johnson: "It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all.")

There is also a negative proof that the threatening and ugly state of the world is too much for our novelists. It lies in the number of books being written about childhood and adolescence. Few of them make more than a perfunctory show of being fiction, and the finest of them, like the anonymous "Olivia," like Herbert Read's "Innocent Eye," are directly autobiographical. Again, in Osbert Sitwell's five volumes about his family, we see a writer of the greatest distinction turning to re-create a past age, with a splendor, an imaginative boldness, which lift it above his own admirable novels and stories. This work has all the qualities of a great novel, but it

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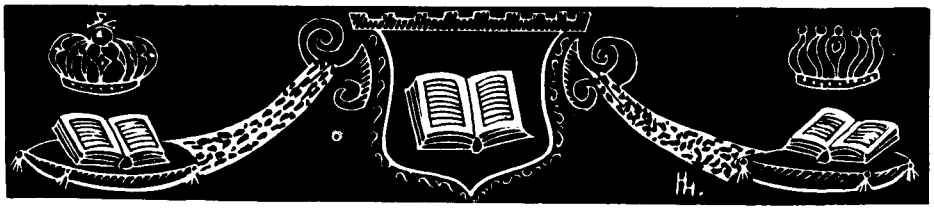

has them, it seems, on condition that the writer turns his eyes backwards, and shapes material which he has not invented.

This is saying little more than that over a wide stretch of the literary scene the creative impulse is inadequate. The immediate challenge offered to our novelists by the contemporary human condition has not been met. And the best and most intelligent writers we have are not even tempted to meet it; they prefer to work, with integrity, care, subtlety, on themes they can explore without attending much to the approach of a Dark Age. On this condition, Elizabeth Bowen is able to inquire with a surgeon's precision and the compassion of a poet into the movements of our hearts. Could there be a more profound theme? No. But there remains an uneasy sense that something is being ignored. Too sensitive, too alert, not to feel this, in "The Heat of the Day" she half turns to that major theme of our time, treason, but with reluctance, so that she leaves unexplored precisely that area where the roots of treason lie. Yet who is better equipped to expose the nature of treachery than the author of "The Death of the Heart"?

You will find almost all our more intelligent novelists gathered on this side of the field: L. P. Hartley (his latest novel, "The Boat," lies very much on the margin of the war), whose trilogy, "The Shrimp and the Anenome" (about childhood), "The Sixth Heaven," "Eustace and Hilda," composes one of the finest of contemporary English novels; William Sansom (who ought to have been a painter); Nigel Balchin; I. Compton-Burnett; Henry Green. The last two have a quality in common: a complete refusal to comment, to explain. We know about their characters only what we can guess from their words and acts. The plot emerges almost entirely through the dialogue, as in a play. Miss Compton-Burnett carries this austerity the farther, and she has, too, a vision of human nature, of the wickedness of our hearts, which suggests at once Webster and a terrifyingly acute old maid. Henry Green is less ruthless and less intelligent: at his weakest, when there is nothing for the dialogue to carry, he comes an awful flop. It is an interesting way to write a novel: we can only wait to see what a great novelist could do with it.

So far we have no war novels of the stature of "The Spanish Farm" (R. H. Mottram), and no accounts of it fit to place beside those written by Blunden, Sassoon, and T. E. Lawrence about 1914-18. Richard Hillary's moving and desperate story, Alexander Baron's "From the City, From the Plough," Anthony West's "On a Dark Night," Alex Comfort's "The Power House"— little else, except for a chapter here and there in young, sincere, amateurish novels. No doubt it is too soon: the shadows are too thick. We had our war at home.

IT IS something of a relief to turn to the poets. In the middle generation, dominated as it was by the lively trinity of Auden, Day Lewis, and Spender, there were other lesss immediately dazzling figures, visible now in a clearer light. The metaphysical quality in Edwin Muir's work, enriched today by a more sensuous and concrete imagery, sets it apart. Roy Campbell, early in debt to Rimbaud, is learning to control a brilliance which used to disguise him. Auden remains the most impressive voice, a dry voice from the head, but what a head! None of the others has half his intellect, and none, except Day Lewis, has made so long and significant a journey from the jaunty cleverness of his setting-out. It would be untrue to say of Day Lewis, or any other of the younger and youngest poets, that he has a bolder energy than any novelist. What can be said is that poetry is alive here, it moves: it is a little like a party before the guest of honor arrives, but, when he arrives, the place is ready for him. The times, they say, are hard for poets. When were they not? Do you suppose that in the days of patrons, for Homer, for Virgil, life was easy? Mallarmé was a schoolmaster, Valéry was a civil servant. Poetry here is an older, tougher root than any other literary form; it will survive a Dark Age.

The revival of poetic drama might be a sign of this vitality. It has gone past the stage of an exercise, as in Auden's early plays, past the stage represented by Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," which drew part of its response from subject and setting. In "The Cocktail Party" it has at least come seriously to grips with the essential problem—how to force a contemporary theme into the concentrated language of poetry, without leaving out half the implications of the theme, or diluting the language (as it is diluted in this play), or coarsening it. Put like that, it seems that nothing is needed but for a great poet to be seized by a living theme. That this crude simplification of a subtle difficulty is not quite foolish is suggested by the immediate success of Christopher Fry's "The Lady's Not for Burning." What delighted audiences was the language, the verbal brilliance, not the thin plot and flat characters, which provided a barely adequate skeleton for an opulent flesh of words. A cynic might say that a plot which demanded thought and the willingness to look a contemporary situation in the face would have frightened the audience. It remains to be proved. Christopher Fry may not be the man to attempt it, but the day when a poet conceives a great theme emerging through the actions of men and women capable of passions, and risks on it his own devotion to language, will show whether we are alive or dead. It is at least possible that we are alive, and not merely talking politely and elegantly round the deathbed of our creative energy.

The enthusiasm with which so many of our most intelligent writers have taken to criticism is disturbing. The critical group formed round *Scrutiny* and its distinguished and influential editor, F. R. Leavis, apart, what we see is a number of writers devoting to criticism an energy they would probably, in a previous and warmer age, have given wholly to creation. In Edwin Muir the impulse appears to be essentially creative, as if in its efforts to explain the world to itself, his mind turned as naturally to philosophical inquiry as to poetry. Peter Quennell is the author of wholly admirable biographies of Ruskin and Byron, and of a book on French symbolists worthy to be placed beside Edmund Wilson's "Axel's Castle." Harold Nicolson's biographical and semi-autobiographical writing gives away his possession of uncommon wit and insight. E. Sackville-West's four or five novels offer reasonable hope that, if he had been moved to give all his energy to writing novels, it would have been adequate to a narrow but authentic output. Rather overburdened as a critic by his chosen authorities, and bedeviled by philosophical anarchism, Herbert Read gives to the criticism of art and letters what he owed to poetry and, perhaps, to the novel. It would be foolish to be ungrateful for the

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2. A Matter of Inspiration

ELIZABETH BOWEN

—Elliott Erwitt.

THE BRITISH reader's concept of the American literary scene can but be limited, at the start, by the number and kind of your books which appear in England—appear, that is to say, under the imprimatur of London publishers. These do, on the whole, show an increasing flair, enterprise, confidence in their selection of American work: reciprocally, it is for the public to keep abreast of them, and, most of all, for reviewers to spotlight what is the best. Our book market and book circulation suffer both from the rise in costs of production and the shrinkage of reviewing space in our papers, due to the newsprint shortage: thus it is at once more risky to publish books and harder for books, having been published, to be intelligently discussed. The habitual book-buyer, these days, must think twice; the more mobile reader, looking for what is new, feels the lack of fuller critical guidance. This militates, sadly, against the writer, "foreign" or indigenous, who still has his name to make; and our publishers may be a degree more cautious in the former, as opposed to the latter, case.

As against that, we have at present an author shortage, or what appears to be one; which leaves receptive space for an intake of work from outside this country. Literary isolationism—if such were ever desired—is of necessity broken down. Continental writers — French, Italian, and German — in translations which often come to us via you, are moving forward on our publishers' lists. On those lists, however, the major part of what is not British continues to be American — novels and collections of short stories, books on the world situation, works of humor, biographies (though these, I consider, are too severely limited), and "mysteries" ("detective stories" to us). On the scholarly side, we owe an increasing debt to American literary research. Your prominent critics, such as Edmund Wilson, Lionel Trilling, are on the ascendent with us —we should, though, also, have access to more of the bulk of your critical writing. We do not receive enough American history; nor does anything like enough American contemporary poetry come our way—though, as to that, one must take into account that our own younger poets have to combat neglect.

ARE SUCH American books as do come to us representative of today's American writing; or, are they more representative of our publishers' notion of British taste? The latter, to an extent, can but be true—as it must be true also in reverse: only such British books as bid fair to survive the journey are likely to make their debut in America. Ultimately, on both sides of the Atlantic, it rests with the public to exert positive taste—to be quickly receptive, hospitable, exploratory. Till then, the restrictive filter remains—or remains, at least, in its action on the average reader—dependent on book club, bookshop, or local library. He, here in Britain, receives his quota of London-published American books—reacts to them, ponders over them, likes them, is sometimes puzzled, and, above all, builds up out of them his personal, inner conception of America. The novel, the work of humor, the tale of crime, is to him also something of a document—he informs himself as to ways of living, manners, beliefs, traditions, food, sport, cities, and countrysides which are sometimes like, sometimes unlike, those he already knows. The sheer giant geographical size, and, within that, the infinite contrasts and variations of the United States are not easy for him to grasp: his final and—can one wonder!—confused and amazing image is put together out of a sort of compost of the late Sinclair Lewis, William Faulkner, Mrs. Frances Park-

Elizabeth Bowen is an Irish short-story writer whose works include "Collected Impressions," "The Heat of the Day," "The Death of the Heart," and "Look at All Those Roses."

—Elliott Erwitt.

Frederick Buechner—"a profound effect."

—Louise Dahl-Wolfe.

Carson McCullers—"strange intensity."

—Lotte Jacobi.

Brendan Gill—"sign of mastery."

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inson Keyes, Raymond Chandler, John Marquand, James Thurber, Dos Passos, Ellery Queen.

We have, however, readers, a smaller group, who discriminatingly pursue American writing—subscribe to your periodicals, learn from visiting friends, or, if they are lucky, receive as gifts American books not so far published here and not due to reach us for some time, if indeed at all. Such readers, with whom literature *qua* literature is a passion, are in a great number of cases writers also. As writers, they may have been among the fortunate who have been allowed (allowed, that is, in view of the present rigid British travel restrictions) to visit America. If so, they will have headed, without delay, for the fascinating, dementing book shops, to scan the output of the year and begin to realize what they have missed at home. They will have impinged on New York's or other cities' literary circles, heard the talk, marked the tendencies, traced the currents. It has been their right and duty, at the end of their stay, to return with some books in hand, and rumors of others—both are to be of value to untraveled friends of their own sort. Perpetual expectation is one of the joys of the literature-lover — what is emerging? — what is about to break?—who is to be the next of the radiant newcomers? All writers, all eager readers, however, may not be travelers. Those who remain in Britain must fall on, and make the most of, what comes to them, however slowly, through the accepted channels. It is on such a group, in the main, that our more adventurous publishers keep their eye—friendly critics, infectious talkers may do much to advance and support the fortunes of such of your *avant-garde* books as reach our shores. The influence of this alert minority is important.

Through them indeed, at the start, may have come about Britain's present, marked, if still just a trifle wary, predisposition towards American books; and, still more, this country's susceptibility to what may be called the whole force of American style—its mobility, its range, and its vividness. We have, first, the sense that here is something contemporary—a pace, a tempo, a psychic as well as verbal vocabulary which reflects, expresses the day in which we all live. With us, a whole tract of consciousness, of nervous sensation and mental flight (which is in fact our reaction to the twentieth century) still tends to reach beyond our means of expression —or, put it that our means of expression lags behind what we apprehend, know, and feel. A new language has to

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—*From "Other People's Lives."*

3. *British Publishing After Two Wars*

S. C. ROBERTS

IT is just forty years since I entered the world of publishing. If one looks back upon the book trade of 1911, one is struck at once by the astonishingly low prices which prevailed. One shilling was the standard price in 1911 of any series that described itself as cheap. There were also plenty of Nelson's red "Sevenpennies" on the bookstalls, but one shilling was the price of Everyman and other reprint series and also of such newly planned collections as the Home University Library and the Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature. It was the latter series that gave me my first experience of popular books as produced by a university press. Novels were published at 6/-, not 6/- *net*, which meant that the customer bought the latest book by H. G. Wells or Anthony Hope for 4/6. Even so, the customer expected good bulk for his money. It was less than ten years since the three-decker novel had finally passed out of circulating libraries, and the shorter novel of the Edwardian Age was frequently bumped out on fluffy, featherweight paper in order to convince the public that it was getting good value. In general, the standard of production was low. Hand composition was still the general rule and printers stuck to their comparatively narrow range of standard founts. Jackets were, for the most part, simply dust covers; for books other than novels and textbooks one of their most important functions was to enable the publisher to print the word "NET" after the price and so protect the bookseller against demands for discount. Frequently a publisher would adopt a particular shade of paper for his jackets and use it for practically all his books. But for the

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S. C. Roberts was first associated with the Cambridge University Press in 1911. He returned to the Press after four years of Army service in World War I and remained until 1948. Since then he has been Master of Pembroke College and vice-chancellor of Cambridge University.

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purposes of advertisement and illustration the jacket was largely wasted.

Inevitably the war of 1914-18 brought many changes. Labor and commodities were scarce and prices rose. There was no rationing of materials, but paper was difficult to get and very poor in quality. When I returned to publishing in 1919, the price of paper had trebled. The cost of binding, too, had reached what then seemed fantastic heights and publishers were faced with problems very similar to those of the present time. In particular, how much addition to the retail price of books would the public stand? Gradually, as printing-houses and paper mills were replenished with men and materials, new price levels were established. The price of the novel, in particular, was standardized at 7/6 *net*; the prewar "shilling" series were advanced to 2/- or 2/6.

Apart from economic considerations, one of the outstanding features of British publishing in the 1920's was the remarkable revival of interest in the esthetics of book production. There had been a flash of such revival in the "Yellow Book" period, but it had been little more than a flash and its influence had not reached the older-fashioned printers and publishers. But in the 1920's the rapid spread of monotype and the stimulus of such typographers as Bruce Rogers and Stanley Morison encouraged publishers as a whole to pay some attention to the esthetics of the printed page and to realize that there were types available other than Caslon and Miller's Old Face and that the use of what had been regarded as "fancy" types need not be confined to the production of limited editions de luxe. Similarly, publishers began to give some care to margins, to the lay-out of title-pages, to decent lettering on the binding case, and to the full exploitation, esthetic and commercial, of the dust cover. It was this new appreciation of the potentialities of book production that led to the founding of the Double Crown Club in 1924. Many of its original members, alas, are no longer with us—Holbrook Jackson, who still carried something of the tradition of the Nineties with him; Frank Sidgwick, delivering his satirical but kindly judgments with poker-faced charm; Gerard Meynell, who felt about 11:30 P.M. that the evening was just beginning. . . .

BUT, of course, there were many other new features in British publishing between the wars besides esthetic revival. One of them was the rise of the BBC. British publishers (whether because they are publishers or whether because they are British, I am not quite sure) are traditionally nervous about the introduction of new elements which may upset the routine of the book trade, and I well remember the anxieties provoked in the minds of publishers and newspaper proprietors when *The Listener* was first issued. It was, of course, quite legitimate for such a paper to print the text of broadcast talks; but was it safe to allow such an organ to compete in the open market with general articles and reviews of books? Another storm signal was the inauguration of Penguins. Here the booksellers scented danger. Sixpennies in paper covers? No, the British public notoriously disliked books bound in paper; no, they wouldn't stock them. But Woolworth's took the lead and eventually the booksellers followed. Again, the formation of the Book Society caused grave apprehension in the early stages of its development, but the new phenomenon was gradually accepted and accommodated, and many other book-of-the-month clubs were established. The size of our country and of our population being what it is, a book-club choice does not unduly distort a British publisher's production plans. But, in parenthesis, I cannot resist the temptation to recall one personal incident. In 1937 I was keenly interested in promoting the sales of Mrs. Hicks Beach's "A Cardinal of the Medici." It was not exactly an historical novel, but rather history in the form of fiction, and it was not the kind of book that normally appeared over the Cambridge imprint. I felt that it was just the occasion for the help and publicity of a book-club choice. But none of the clubs would take it. I was frankly disappointed. The book had a striking pictorial jacket and there was no room to add any letterpress to it, so I put a band round the jacket and on it was printed: "Not recommended by any book club, but only by the publishers." Whether the sales were helped I don't know; but one old-fashioned bookseller was so pleased that he photographed the legend and reproduced it as an illustration in his current catalogue.

But I must not suggest that British publishers are consistently stiff-necked conservatives. They may be shy of other people's new ideas, but they can produce plenty of their own and are not afraid to experiment. The introduction of Book Tokens is a case in point. It sprang, I think, from the fertile brain of Harold Raymond, of Chatto and Windus; at first the booksellers were lukewarm but it was an institution which had come to stay and is blessed especially by the harassed godfather at Christmas time.

Again, the whole question of co-operative advertising, the problem of making the public book-conscious was eagerly canvassed in the 1920's. Only recently I reminded Sir Stanley Unwin of an evening at some small restaurant in London when several of us discussed at length the possibilities of advertising books as books and not as the product of a particular firm of publishers. I believe I played the part of the devil's advocate on that occasion but later, when the question was raised more formally at a meeting of the Publishers' Circle (an old-established lunch club), we agreed to found the National Book Council. That was the beginning of the National Book League of today with its impressive list of patrons and vice-presidents, its beautiful headquarters in Albemarle Street, and its many branches throughout the British Isles.

THE rapidity of the rise and fall of publishing empires is notorious. Between the wars it was good to see the younger firms (Jonathan Cape, for instance, or Faber and Faber, or Victor Gollancz) consolidating themselves and establishing distinctive characters of their own. Meanwhile, the older houses pursued their stately way, though they did not disdain to adopt some of the brighter methods of production and distribution. At the university presses the work of co-operative scholarship went on: the Oxford Dictionary and the Cambridge Histories were completed, but even in academical publishing the new influences were felt. There was one Christmas season (1930, I think) when two of the best sellers were "The Testament of Beauty," from Oxford, and "The Mysterious Universe," from Cambridge.

When war broke out in 1939 I had been for some years a member of the Council of the Publishers' Association and very soon we had to face the hard facts of a war-time economy. Thanks to the efforts of Geoffrey Faber, Stanley Unwin, and others, books were exempted from the operation of the Purchase Tax. Paper

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Common Bonds

A GENERATION ago American school geographies simplified things for children by putting everything British in deep red—a practice still followed by some mapmakers. To youthful eyes, poring over these maps, the whole world seemed British—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, Burma, Egypt, South Africa, Guiana, Rhodesia; every continent and every ocean testified to British might, half the Mediterranean and half the Caribbean even.

It was all a bit misleading, and contributed, no doubt, to that stereotype of British "imperialism" that still lingers on in the minds of the middle-aged and of readers of the *Chicago Tribune*. Yet the maps, the Henty stories, Kipling, and Buchan as well—these things suggested a deeper truth, the truth that the English race had spread over the whole globe, and that the sun never set on the Union Jack, or on the things it stood for.

Here is assuredly the most remarkable phenomenon of modern history, and probably of recorded history—the expansion of this little island, so meager in population, resources, and strength, so unfavored by nature, over the whole of the globe. Perhaps the only thing to compare with it is the expansion of its strongest offshoot over a continent, and its rise from colony to world power in less than two centuries. But the expansion of England—let us use the simpler term—was by no means a simple matter of the migration of people alone. It was that, to be sure; it meant the spread of the English, the Scots, the Irish, the Welsh throughout the globe, and it meant that English would be the world language—who would have thought it in 1600? Far more important, as it was to appear, it meant the spread of English institutions—the spread and the triumph, for wherever these came in contact with others, or were crossed with others, they proved themselves dominant.

The English carried with them beyond the seas their instinct, or their genius, for the rule of law, for private association and organization, for compromise and concession, for progress by evolution rather than by revolution, for representative government, for the superiority of civil over military rule, for education and enlightenment, for the rights of men as opposed to the pretensions of rulers. So familiar are these things that we take them pretty much for granted, or sometimes ascribe them to the beneficent influence of environment—of the environment of forest and frontier, for example. But we should not forget that the French and the Spanish enjoyed a New World environment, but did not develop comparable institutions. It is true, in a sense, that democracy and freedom were born of forest and frontier, but it is proper to recall that they were born of an English forest and frontier, not of French or Spanish or, in our own day, of Russian.

THE story of America is part of the story of the expansion of Britain, but it is, of course, much more than this. The relationship between Britain and America has never been a one-sided one, not even in its earliest stages; from the beginning there was an anticipation of lend-lease in the intellectual and institutional as in the material realms. "England owes its modern character and its peculiar greatness from the outset to the New World," wrote the historian John R. Seeley, and no one who studies the consequences of the expansion of Britain can doubt the accuracy of the generalization. America contributed to the mother country and to the English-speaking community everywhere, not only land and wealth, a haven and refuge for those whom Stephen Benét has called "the disinherited, the dispossessed"; she contributed much, as well, in the realm of ideas, principles, and institutions. She was in a sense the proving ground for English ideas and principles, realizing and institutionalizing principles that the English had formulated but not applied. She proved that with enlightenment and freedom democracy could work. She proved that with common traditions and values federalism could work over a vast area. She proved that where offshoots were treated as equals rather than as inferiors an enlightened colonial and territorial system could work. She proved that the rule of law was exportable, and representative institutions as well. She proved that social equality was not incompatible with intellectual and moral distinction, or a high standard of living with idealism. She joined with the mother country and the dominions in sustaining the rule of law in the international as in the domestic arena, and in the words of that Winston Churchill who embodies the best of both peoples twice stepped forth "to the rescue and liberation" of the Old World.

Never in history has there been a more fruitful partnership than this between the two great representatives of the English-speaking peoples, never one which has more amply justified itself in the past or which has greater promise of affluent justification in the future. Differences that may seem to divide these two peoples, or to exacerbate their relations, seem insignificant by contrast with the profound moral differences that separate both from totalitarian nations or by comparison with the interests and ideals that bind them indissolubly together.

It is always dangerous to make generalizations about peoples, but there is this to be said of the English and the Americans: they are people who do not succumb to totalitarianism, who do not invite dictators to take over the hard task of government, who do not elevate the military over the civil power, who do not yield the principle of the rule of law. They are people who make representative government work, who make democracy work, who make political parties work, who cherish justice and right, who achieve progress through evolution rather than through revolution. They are people who are bound together not only by common interests but, what is more important and effective, by common moral standards and values.

Twice in this century the two great branches of the English-speaking peoples have fought side by side against tyranny, and have triumphed. But the partnership of these peoples is not military alone. It is, even more, a partnership of ideas and principles. As the poet laureate wrote of the late Ambassador John Winant:

If yours and ours will but understand
Earth's future children will not live in fear,
Nor deed of spirit die by deed of hand.

—HENRY STEELE COMMAGER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sex at the Ballet

SIR: Irving Kolodin could hardly be more right when he says ["The Snobbish Cult of Degeneracy," *SRL* Sept. 22] that sexual activity has no place in ballet. Only the fact that ballet is more pulsating, more artistically executed, supplied with finer music and decor, distinguishes this higher form of dance from the other forms of choreographic sex exploitation. If this new trend of balletic "realism" continues, the art form will soon be reduced to a superior brand of burlesque, something on the order of a *Folies-Bergères* number. This would be more entertaining than the standard bumps and grinds, but considerably less appealing than the classic, or even most of the modern, dance.

I can only add that Mr. Kolodin has done us all a service by setting down his rebuke. It's to be hoped that he has done so early enough to stop the spread of degeneracy in ballet. Aside from music, the dance is the only art that has heretofore been uninfested with dirt. The time has long since come for artists to look to their morals.

EDWARD F. JOST.

St. Louis, Mo.

SIR: It seems to me that no proof has been given in the article that "The Cage," "The Miraculous Mandarin," "Undertow," "Facsimile," and "Interplay" (which is not about sex clash but about the athletic games of American adolescents) are designed to conceal anything. The fact that they show certain actions by certain characters is an expression of the choreographer's point of view. One may agree or disagree with him. Wherein lies his effort to conceal?

There is to be sure a great deal of violence in the above-named works, always excepting "Interplay." But then there is also a good bit of violence in the novels of William Faulkner, in the paintings by the "Young Moderns," and in much approved contemporary music, here and abroad. Wars, famine, revolution, dictatorship were present at the christening of the last four generations, and the artists of these generations have no choice but to show what this sort of christening does to man and to society. If the expression is a tragic one we can hardly hold the artist responsible for the causes of the tragedy. We are as much to blame as he is for the sins of human beings.

WINTHROP PALMER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I have no quarrel with sex, and I dare say that the human race for the ages gone before us has managed quite adequately without making such a fuss over it. I will further concede that it is unquestionably one of the vital driving forces of human nature, but by the same token, I am a great believer in other forms of growth.

Since ballet is—to my mind—poetry and music set in motion, I resent the intruder as much as Mr. Kolodin does, and shall continue to enjoy and love the ballet in its classical form even if it does relegate me to the die-hards.

I am glad to find someone voicing my sentiments for a change. Believe me, it is most welcome.

ANN THOMAS.

Miami, Fla.

SIR: I am afraid that Mr. Kolodin has confused the sexual mores of the artist with the artist's product, a rather immature approach for a critic of Mr. Kolodin's reputation. To give an example I would like to quote from the last paragraph of Mr. Kolodin's article:

> While we're at it, let's face the fact that most of this intense preoccupation with the clash of sexes is expressed by and through a segment of society which has no actual concern with it. My view is that it is all an elaborate smoke-screen designed to conceal basic facts and give them an "artistic" verity. . . . Methinks it is not the lady, but the laddie, who doth protest too much.

Mr. Kolodin has every right to criticise the work under discussion; but when this criticism is based on a dislike of the personal morals of the artist, I would like to register a protest. If Mr. Kolodin persists in this method of criticism, he would automatically have to condemn some of the world's greatest writers such as Oscar Wilde, Marcel Proust, etc.

SUE RAYNER.

South Orleans, Mass.

SIR: Mr. Kolodin never makes quite clear what he is labeling "degenerate." Is it the supremacy of women? The dance patterns representing sexual intercourse? The corruption and death of good while evil triumphs?

Paradoxically, he may be getting nearer to answering this question in his last paragraph, where he makes his most ambiguous statement of all. While I do not for a moment think that Mr. Kolodin is naive enough to believe that any segment of society (particularly one connected with a creative art) can have no actual concern with the clash of sexes, I do think that in this statement lies the crux of his diatribe. It needs, however, elucidation. What is it Mr. Kolodin wants to say? He is too big a boy and too respected a critic to play footsie with libel suits; however, ambiguity in print should be kept out of magazines of the caliber of the *SRL*. I think I'm safe in saying that most readers prefer their criticism straight.

ROBERT L. ENEQUIST.

Syracuse, N. Y.

SIR: Mr. Kolodin presents his conclusions in a little gem of critical gobbledygook which I am still regarding with baffled fascination. Certainly to "conceal basic facts" and, simultaneously, to "give them an 'artistic' verity" should qualify as the neatest trick of the week, whether performed with or without a "smokescreen."

HARRY K. SMITH.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: "The Snobbish Cult of Degeneracy" expresses what I have felt so strongly and not been able to put into words. I must tell you how thankful I am to see it printed. Unfortunately, it will hardly come to the attention of those who make up the bulk of the audiences at the ballet.

HELEN GRIESENBECK.

Pelham, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Just watch your language, Mr. Newton—there are ladies present."

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History. *Four different approaches to four centuries of Britain's past are represented among the books reviewed on this and the succeeding pages. A. L. Poole writes as the scrupulously accurate and thorough scholar about the eleventh and twelfth centuries in "From Domesday Book to Magna Carta." Thomas B. Costain is once again the popular chronicler in "The Magnificent Century" (the thirteenth). Coming down to our own day, Thomas Jones has written a biography about his old friend, Lloyd George, and C. F. O. Clarke describes "Britain Today."*

In Pursuit of a Goal

BRITAIN TODAY. By C. F. O. Clarke. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 248 pp. $3.

By HERBERT L. MATTHEWS

HERE is a primer for the general elections of October 25. However hard Mr. Clarke and the Harvard University Press tried, they could not have planned anything as neat and serviceable as this. Normally, a book of this type faces the danger of being outdated — the "Today" of the title means a year ago, when Mr. Clarke delivered the Lowell Lectures which are now put into book form. The venerable Lowell Institute has always had distinguished lecturers for its famous annual series and Mr. Clarke is no exception.

It would be hard to find a simpler, clearer, or better general guide to Britain today than this book. The simplicity is deceptive, as anyone would know who had tried to explain the gigantic subject of Britain within the covers of one book. A fellow-journalist may be excused for giving some credit to the fact that the author's training was in journalism. He is now on the European Service of the British Broadcasting Company and, incidentally, gives an especially good account of that organization. We have nothing like the BBC here, alas—a non-commercial, non-profit-making, semi-public service where the quality is high and the listener is spared the excruciating necessity of absorbing advertising.

Being British (English, as a matter of fact) Mr. Clarke has nothing bad to say of his native country. "With us the swords are left in the cloakroom, and even more carefully put away when we go abroad," as he says. This is an iron-clad convention of all British politicians, professors, journalists, and spokesmen. They present a united front to the world. When this quality is added to the self-righteousness that seems to be the birthright of every Englishman, a result is achieved which is by no means unpleasant but which always has to be discounted. A series of lectures for an American audience is of necessity an apologia—although none the less valuable for being so.

Mr. Clarke is accurate, fair, and comprehensive. If he avoids unpleasantness he at least does not mislead. One can quarrel with his judgment at times. A generally brilliant chapter (or lecture) on foreign affairs refers to Munich as "a mere episode," but no attempt is made to excuse that abomination.

The author takes us through eight lectures that together cover all the main subjects one would want to know —how Britain is governed, her party system (to be recommended as background for the coming elections), the social services, the newspapers and radio, the Empire and Commonwealth, and an urbane discussion of British character. Britons can see their faults, acknowledge them, and still have illusions about them, which is a charming trait.

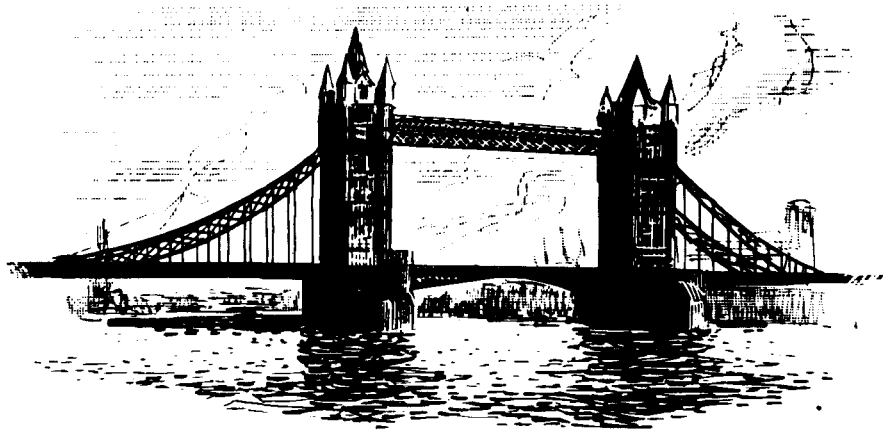
Mr. Clarke explains his objective in the first lecture: "We [the United States and Britain] now have a common goal which I think can best be called the defense of Western civilization. My purpose in this series of lectures is to try to explain in some degree the part which my country, Britain, is playing in the pursuit of this goal." To this purpose Mr. Clarke applies the best type of English liberal thinking and backs it with a wealth of knowledge and a good deal of thought. Clever generalizations abound.

> In Britain [says Mr. Clarke] government was first for the people, then by the people and lastly, of the people. . . . We appear deep only too often because we are supposed to have some far-reaching plan when, in fact, we are living from hand to mouth. We act on the spur of the moment, and other people imagine that it is all part of a crafty design. . . . The principal change at work in England is social, not political.

Here is one for the general elections, keeping in mind the fact that the Tories are expected to win:

> It [the Conservative Party] leaves it to others to pioneer, but, when the pioneers have shot their bolt or been led astray into by-paths, the Conservatives come along to bring reforms into perspective and to remind us of what is valuable in our heritage. Sometimes they do more, and complete the reforms which others have initiated.

The book is not all as timely as this, but as Mr. Clarke kept to broad generalities, the lapse of a year has done little harm. Since the lectures, the economic situation has worsened very seriously; Ernest Bevin has died; the Aneurin Bevan revolt has taken place. The only development which affects Mr. Clarke's conclusions is the new economic crisis. Such is the reward for sticking to A.B.C.'s, which Mr. Clarke has done with intelligence and charm. The lectures come in pleasant doses which would do Americans good to take at any time but which now become a treat on the eve of the general elections.



Herbert L. Matthews, a member of the staff of The New York Times, *wrote "Assignment to Austerity," following his service as London correspondent for the* Times.

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Statesman with a Vision

LLOYD GEORGE. By Thomas Jones. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 330 pp. $5.

By ALLAN NEVINS

A BIOGRAPHY of Lloyd George is two things. It is a history of Great Britain from the general election of 1892 to that of 1928, embracing a history of Europe and the world from 1916 to 1922. It is also a romance. It is the romance of a fatherless lad from the Welsh hills, taught by a shoemaker uncle, who leaped into politics as a fighter for the poor and oppressed; who gained national renown in Boer War days by his stubborn attacks on Chamberlain, on "methods of barbarism," and on any foundation for the Empire but righteousness; who never hesitated to risk fame, fortune, and future for a great result; and who by virtue of his daring, his mental swiftness, his subtlety, his gusts of passion, and his fresh, untrammeled outlook on affairs, became one of the powerful figures of the twentieth century. In his audacity, his mercurial brilliancy, and his poetic and imaginative qualities he was a true Celt—and his career kept its romantic quality until the end.

Tom Jones (a close friend and aide of Lloyd George, though not a line in the book directly indicates the fact) has written a model biography. As he says, a great documentary life will come in due course; but he is too modest in terming this merely an "interim contribution"— it has qualities that will make it endure. It has the merit of economy, for it adequately reviews Lloyd George's complex and crowded career in three hundred pages of text. It has impartiality, for though pervaded by a warm appreciation of the statesman's gifts, it never shirks blame for his shortcomings or censure for his errors. It has a fine analytical power, going to the heart of situation after situation with crisp persuasiveness. Its chief shortcoming, a failure to present Lloyd George often enough in his own nimble words, is but one facet of its virtue of compression.

Let it be said at once that this thorough study confirms Lloyd George's title of greatness: greatness as a parliamentarian, greatness as a planner of social reform, above all greatness as a war minister. It buttresses Jan Smuts's assertion that Lloyd George was "the supreme architect of victory in the First World War." And this central conclusion is the more convincing because the book firmly exposes all the leader's blunders and missteps. The gravest of these were four:

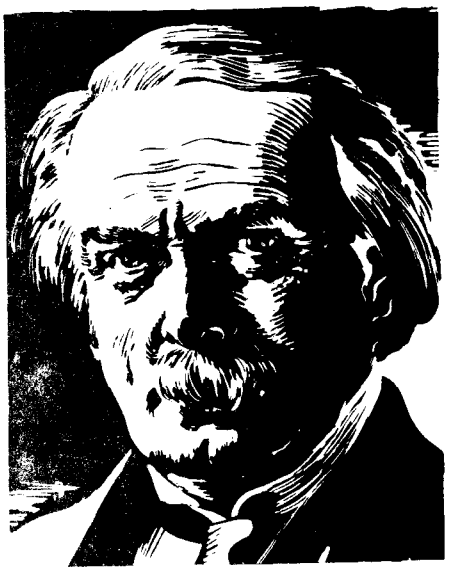
(1) The bloody summer and fall campaign of 1916 ending in Passchendaele, which Lloyd George calls "one of the blackest horrors in history," was partly his own fault. At the time he blamed Haig and Robertson for it (with French generals); in his memoirs he fiercely restated the charge, with exaggerated statistics. But he himself had the final word that summer; he had distrusted the Haig-Robertson plan, and Milner and Bonar Law sided with him; but he gave way to the military.

(2) He was partly responsible for the disaster to Gough's Fifth Army early in 1918 and for the critical weeks which followed Ludendorff's onslaught. He had kept Robertson as head of the General Staff after losing faith in him; he had consented to an unwise extension of British lines; and he had failed to fill up the British ranks in France, as he might have done by drafts from Egypt and Palestine. General Sir Frederick Maurice leveled charges to this effect against him. Lloyd George adroitly parried them—but they were valid.

(3) His hang-the-Kaiser campaign was unworthy. He encouraged the popular wish for vast German reparations. "He was inclined to shout the popular demands," writes Tom Jones, "and whisper the qualifications which diminished the chance of their fulfilment."

(4) At Versailles he played a wiser part than Clemenceau, a more effective part than Wilson. But, impressing the other peacemakers as agile, unpredictable, and unstable, he displayed no such weight of character as the great occasion demanded.

But Mr. Jones shows that despite all failures and failings, he was a statesman of high stature. Before the First World War he placed on the statute books a series of social insurance and welfare measures which did much to revolutionize British society, gave the present-day welfare state a secure foundation, and furnished our own New Deal an armory from which to draw weapons. But for these laws and his People's Budget, the clash of classes and interests in England would have become dangerously violent. As a war minister in 1915-18 he ranks with Chatham, Pitt, and in some respects even Churchill. Seizing the



Lloyd George—"mercurial brilliancy."

scepter from Asquith because he felt (with much justice) that it belonged to him, he exhibited a consummate talent for organization and leadership. The source of his power, writes Mr. Jones, "lay in the fire and zeal which burned within him; in his active, agile planning, and executive brain; besides, he radiated authority and force not only to a commanding but to a dominating degree." In forcing Germany to her knees, he was worth as much as fleets and armies. These are his two main claims to immortality—his part in the healthful reconstruction of British society, and his vital role in helping bring about the victory of democracy and the downfall of autocracy in our first Armageddon.

As a personality, too, he had qualities which in their light and shadow are fascinating. He was altogether too fluent, too quick, too much a man of the moment. His political wizardry was marvelous, but no profundity of thought or experience, no strong sense of tradition and history, lay behind it. He picked up his knowledge and ideas as he ran. His terrific physical energy was matched by a bewildering intellectual zest and activity. He lived always in the present and future, never in the past. As C. P. Scott of the *Guardian* put it, he was "wonderful in his power of action as in his power of oblivion." But at his best his lightning perceptions, his instant power of improvisation, and his ability to peer a dozen moves ahead on the chessboard, served his country well. His, said Asquith, was "the most resourceful mind in Europe." And if he lacked depth and reflective power, he had a vein of Welsh poetry and a broad streak of Celtic idealism which gave him a vision of a brighter future for mankind, and an eloquent power of conveying that vision to others.

Allen Nevins, professor of history at Columbia University, is the author of "A Brief History of Britain."

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Technicolor History

THE MAGNIFICENT CENTURY. Volume II of The Pageant of England. By Thomas B. Costain. New York: Doubleday & Company. 384 *pp.* $4.50.

By Arthur Stockdale

LIKE SIMON de Montford, the legitimate hero of this volume, Thomas Costain is waging war against irrational prerogatives. De Montford wanted to give the common people of England a chance to make history—his Great Parliament of 1265 was the first in which commoners took part—and Costain wants to give the common reader a chance to enjoy history by making it as entertaining as fiction. He thinks the professional historians have done the public a disservice of late by embalming the past in texts and monographs that read like a coroner's report.

So two years ago Mr. Costain set out to present "The Pageant of England" with the color and gusto it merits. "The Conquerors," opening volume in a projected ten-volume series, carried the narrative from the Norman Conquest to Magna Carta [*SRL*, Nov. 12, 1949]. This second volume, "The Magnificent Century," covers the long reign of Henry III (1216-1272). It has the same assets and deficits as its predecessor. The word pictures are superb, the characters human, the action swift, the scenery irridescent. But the parts are greater than the whole; the thirty-two subdivisions are independent essays, tales, or episodes rather than consecutive chapters; and the fifty-six years of Henry's reign form neither a coherent unit nor a magnificent century. As informative factual history this is questionable stuff, but as impressionistic, romanticized history it is first-class entertainment.

"How may a history of the period be written that will have drama, color, and visual substance?," Mr. Costain asked himself when he commenced this venture. By exploring unusual channels, he decided; by turning to biography; by giving more scope to the players of minor roles. He uses all these methods and uses them so effectively one could wish a favorable verdict might be phrased without a qualification. But the reputable historian of today, a dull fellow no doubt, has been trained to put truth before romance, and to seek the truth even if the search involves the depersonification of myths. He has been taught to establish his facts by the testimony of independent witnesses, to cite the sources and authority for important statements, to impute no conclusions to the witnesses that are not implicit in their evidence. Mr. Costain is well aware of these austere standards, but believes it is permissible to evade "narrow bounds" in order to write history with more "popular appeal."

So he continues on his lively way, distilling the drama from history as Scott and Shakespeare did, and retelling colorful tales "in praise of ladies dead and lovely knights." It is hardly necessary to add that he has no use for footnotes and dispenses with the services of "Old Ibid, that ubiquitous Man Friday of the historians." The people in his pages live and move in a world of cinematic brightness: his determination to invest the period with color, drama, and visual substance has been realized with unflagging zest. The descriptions of diet and dress, castles, conversations, and the clash of arms may not all be verifiable but they are indisputably vivid. When a knight strides onto the stage wearing "a scarf dyed bright with madder knotted about his steel-encased neck, the quillons of his sword sparkling with jewels," it is clear the pen that wrote "The Black Rose" and "The Moneyman" has lost none of its magic.

There is a place for such history, in the imagination of the people if not on the shelves of the scholar. In a year when thousands of Americans are visiting the Tower of London that Henry the Builder enlarged, the spires of Oxford where Roger Bacon taught, the field of Evesham where Simon de Montford fell, there will be many who want to learn more about the leading characters of thirteenth-century England. "The Pageant of England" will fit their mood, and if, after reading, it becomes an insubstantial pageant faded that leaves scarcely a fact behind, they will not care. For like a good technicolor movie it will leave them with some magnificent pictures.

Early Foundations

FROM DOMESDAY BOOK TO MAGNA CARTA. By A. L. Poole. New York: Oxford University Press. 541 *pp.* $5.

By Sidney Painter

THE YEARS embraced between the compilation of Domesday Book and the issuing of Magna Carta form a most important period in English history. Under the firm hands of able, but, as Mr. Poole points out, thoroughly unpleasant monarchs, the foundations of English government were laid. The common law came into being and the concept of government in accordance with that law was clearly formulated. A weird mixture of Anglo-Saxons, Danes, Normans, Britons, Angevins, and Flemings was welded into the English people. An island that had been comparatively isolated was fully exposed to the religious, intellectual, literary, and artistic movements that were sweeping over continental Europe, and its rulers for the first time played an important part in continental politics.

Mr. Poole handles his subject with masterly craftsmanship. He has complete control over the available material both original and secondary. As a result he can support his descriptions of complex institutions with pertinent illustrative examples. He has the critical capacity to know what is important, to make effective generalizations, and to pronounce acceptable judgments on controversial points, and he has no hesitation about expressing his own views however unconventional they may be. Moreover, he writes with verve and humor. This is not a book for the mentally lazy—it is far too compact for easy absorption. But anyone who really wants to understand the England of this period can find no comparable guide. And only a specialist can fully appreciate the skill with which Mr. Poole has unfolded his

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Sidney Painter is chairman of the department of history at The Johns Hopkins University. His books include "History of the English Feudal Barony."

"History of England"

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story and wound his threads together.

Obviously no one can write a detailed study of a broad sweep of history without making mistakes that some specialist will notice, but those that this reviewer has been able to find are extremely few and of no importance whatever. Here and there a critical reader may question Mr. Poole's use of evidence. Thus he cheerfully accepts the statement of Giraldus Cambrensis, who was not noted for his modesty, as to how highly the Pope valued his works and brushes aside Roger of Wendover's account of one of John's atrocities. But such matters are questions of judgment, and there is plenty of room for scholarly disagreement. Only one weakness of Mr. Poole's book need trouble the general reader—he is not much interested in economic history. Apparently from a sense of duty he has devoted adequate space to economic phenomena such as agriculture, trade, and industry, but he fails to supply a broad, critical view of economic development as a whole. Of greatest interest to the general reader will be his treatment of the famous controversies, Henry II against Thomas Becket, John against Stephen Langton, and John against his rebellious barons. In the first of these he brings out clearly the important point that it was not a direct contest between church and state — that many good churchmen agreed with Henry's position. In regard to the contest between John and Innocent III over the election of Stephen Langton he shows that the king was far more reasonable than he is usually given credit for being. Finally in his discussion of the contest that led to Magna Carta, Mr. Poole develops two extremely important points—the dubious character and highly questionable motives of the rebel barons and the prestige, power, and comparative respectability of the men who stood by the king. In general this reviewer and Mr. Poole agree remarkably closely in judging this highly controversial series of events. I have but one caveat — Mr. Poole seems to me a little too kindly towards King John. His statement that the king sincerely tried to carry out Magna Carta is open to question. To me John was able, complex, and fascinating, but he was a rascal with no sign of morals either public or private.

—Yardley in The Baltimore Sun.

Fiction. *Charles Dickens has been dead for eight decades, but his influence still looms over the contemporary British novel. It is no accident that in adjoining columns Walter Havighurst should remark that "Mr. Beluncle," the first novel of the well-known critic V. S. Pritchett, is clearly in the Dickens tradition, while Harrison Smith comments that Joyce Cary's "Mister Johnson," an early book just published here, has little of that Dickensian quality his later work has led us to expect. A delightful literary puzzle is posed regarding the authorship of "The Young Visiters" (page 38). Was it written by Daisy Ashford or James Barrie — or both?*

A Modern Micawber

MR. BELUNCLE. By V. S. Pritchett. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 310 pp. $3.50.

By Walter Havighurst

FOUR years ago in his brief and telling study of "The Living Novel," Mr. Pritchett wrote that Charles Dickens "is the poet of the ham-acting inner man, pleading his own fantasies." That is precisely the role that Mr. Pritchett has chosen in his own novel: he is the amused and astonished interpreter of Mr. Beluncle who lives in the routine world of prewar London and also in the airy world of his own fantasies.

Dickens must come often to the mind of any reader of "Mr. Beluncle." The characters of the novel are sketched in quick, arresting strokes. The bullying schoolmaster O'Malley, the stationmaster "with the expression of one saying the word 'mere' on his face," the discreet and calculating Mr. Chilly, the quarrelsome Miss Vanner ("even her heavy breasts seemed to be quarreling inside her jersey as she typed")—they could fit nicely into a Dickens gallery. And the preposterous Mr. Beluncle himself, hypocritical, expansive, bubbling with platitudes, detestable yet never really detested, is a modern Micawber.

Mr. Beluncle is part-owner of the Belux chair factory (Beauty and Luxury) in the sooty borough of Bermondsey, and it is only natural that he should plan a Board Room in the West End. He lives in suburban Boystone, and he would be a lesser man if he did not aspire to the fine mansion of Marbella. While his business is failing he goes on happily planning the purchase of Marbella and wondering whom he can touch for the money. He is an exploiter of women—his mother, his sister, his wife, the wife of his dead partner—and he trusts providence to provide another woman with the necessary means. In religion, Mr. Beluncle is a follower of Mrs. Parkinson; he reads "Mind and Matter" and heartens himself with its soft aphorisms. This cheerful theosophy helps him to maintain a gratifying conception of himself and "to plead his own fantasies."

It is a lively book, full of quick turns and disclosures, and very lively indeed in its writing. It is amusing and adroit. Mr. Beluncle running to meet the morning train with his son Henry is extremely funny, and there are other episodes that recall the humor and the bite of Dickens. So it leads back to Dickens again.

In "The Living Novel" Mr. Pritchett, objecting to the hostile criticism of Dickens, pointed out: "The distinguishing quality of Dickens's people is that they are solitaries. They are people caught living in a world of their own. They soliloquize in it. . . . The pressure of society creates fits of twitching in mind and speech, and fantasies in the soul." The pressure of society is greater now than it was in Dickens's time, and this novel shows the fits of twitching in a hard-pressed but ebullient contemporary: Mr. Beluncle is a man who will never "say uncle." Mr. Pritchett's novel has some of the Dickens vitality without the Dickens range.

Walter Havighurst, professor of English at Miami University, Ohio, is the author of several novels.

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Of Alien Conflicts

MISTER JOHNSON. By Joyce Cary. New York: Harper & Bros. 261 pp. $3.

By HARRISON SMITH

JOYCE CARY'S "Mister Johnson," first published in England in 1939 and just issued here, is the best and the most profound of his earlier novels which emerged from his experiences as a British Colonial official stationed in a remote station in West Africa after the First World War. Readers who have enjoyed his series of English novels, "A Fearful Joy," "The Horse's Mouth," "To Be a Pilgrim," etc., have become acquainted with a group of ebullient and full-blooded English people who have become Mr. Cary's trademark, for no one else has been producing characters who have had so tireless an enthusiasm for living. At a time when his contemporaries in England and America seemed to be bent on proving that to be alive was the most dismal of all experiences, it was refreshing to discover a creative writer who could produce with such zest half-mad artists, cheerful scoundrels, harlots, betrayed women, and delightful old men, along with scores of other entertaining people. There was a Dickensian quality about his work that could not be missed.

It is safe to say that Dickens, or any other Victorian novelist, could not have brought "Mister Johnson" out of the African bush, or from anywhere else. The Mister Johnson of the novel is a black Nigerian native, seventeen years old, a third-class clerk in a village post, who has been taught English in a mission school and whose brief life, before he is condemned for murder, illustrates the total inability of servants of the English Colonial office to understand the primitive people whom they have been sent to rule, and the equal inability of the natives to grasp what has happened to them since the white man came to destroy the ancient rhythm of their lives.

Young Mister Johnson's world is all disorder, magnificent and often comic chaos, with no work to be done that makes any sense to him. The village of Fada contained a compound for travelers, where most of them slept in the open protected from the leopards in the bush, and the store which served as courthouse and office for the District Officer. When young Rudbeck became District Officer in place of old Blore, who knew his business, his first job should have been to fire Mister. Johnson, who was in debt to everyone

Joyce Cary—"an ironic humor."

and who had bought a young wife out of the bush with no means of paying for her. But Rudbeck was far more interested in building a proper road and a bridge than in running his office.

He did not know that his seventeen-year-old clerk was essentially a poet, at one moment exuberantly intoxicated with his splendid position, his patent leather shoes, his sulky little brown wife, and the next moment in an agony of self-abasement and despair. The conflict between the black boy and the bewildered Englishman produces both high comedy and low tragedy. It was inevitable that Mister Johnson should steal from the office safe, just as it was inevitable that Rudbeck should become careless about where the money for his road came from. He wished to serve his country and to bring some order into the lives of his incomprehensible subjects, but every time he said a kind word to his clerk, something happened to both of them.

In the end he knew that he was responsible for the final tragedy when Mister Johnson broke into the store one night and stabbed an aroused native. Unhappily Rudbeck had to condemn him to hanging; but when in the final hour he went to the boy in the filthy jail, he found him so full of love for his master, so exalted by the fact that he had taken the trouble to visit him, that the Englishman revolted and shot him through the back of his head. Having brought death to his servant he was no longer of use as a symbol of British order and justice.

The book is beautifully written, and it has a subtlety, an ironic humor that do not appear in Mr. Cary's later books. He has expressed the intangible factors of the conflicts between alien races, between Western and primitive civilizations. It is an allegory on a primitive plane of the conflicts in the world today.

Remarkable Tidbit

THE YOUNG VISITERS. By Daisy Ashford. New York: Doubleday Co. 92 pp. $1.75.

By PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

ONE OF THE riddles of literature for thirty-two years has been the authorship of "The Young Visiters." On second thought, I believe that statement is too strong. For thirty-two years everybody has known that this remarkable tidbit, supposedly a child's idea of a romantic novel, was a hoax and that James Barrie in an unusually inspired moment had written it himself. The nine-year-old author was part of the fun, an invention almost as delightful as the book. In fact, the work was more often referred to as Barrie's "Daisy Ashford" than by its proper title.

Now the jacket of a new edition illustrated with appropriate seriousness by William Pène du Bois comes forth with documentary proof that there was genuinely a Daisy Ashford, that she is now a certain Mrs. Devlin, mother and grandmother, living in Norwich, England, and that she did indeed create the wonderful galaxy of characters. It will shock Barrie devotees as bitterly as it would Baconians, should they suddenly be confronted with evidence that a certain William Shakespeare had written all those plays. It was a shock to me. And after reading over again the adventures of Mr. Salteena and of Ethel Monticue and Mr. Clark, I feel a bit the way a young acquaintance of mine must have felt when she told me years ago. "I *can* believe in brownies, and I *can* believe in Santa Claus. But I just *can't* believe in Shirley Temple." Even now I just *can't* believe in Daisy Ashford.

Yes, I know the theory that proves the publishers' announcement. Set down a hundred apes in a locked room with a hundred typewriters and, given an infinity of time, those apes will somehow by the law of averages peck out "Paradise Lost." (I have always wondered why "Paradise Lost" particularly. Why not "Droll Tales" or "Elsie Dinsmore?") So it is possible by the law of averages that somewhere, some child scribbling in her

(*Continued on page 52*)

Phyllis McGinley is the author of "A Pocketful of Wry," "Husbands Are So Difficult," and other books. Her new volume of light verse, "A Short Walk from the Station," will be published in November.

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Belles-Lettres. *Samuel Johnson, Robert Louis Stevenson, George Bernard Shaw — legally they were British, but most Americans feel they share them in spirit. American scholars like J. W. Krutch and F. A. Pottle have done much to illuminate the Johnsonian circle. A readable introduction to their more solid works is Charles Norman's "Mr. Oddity" (page 38). An enterprising American reporter, J. C. Furnas, has just published the best life of Stevenson, one that corrects many myths perpetrated by earlier biographers. John Mason Brown reviews it on page 40. On Broadway this season the works of Shaw will be proving again that they are for the ages. Desmond MacCarthy's "Shaw's Plays in Review" is a convenient guide.*

The Talent of a Genius

SHAW'S PLAYS IN REVIEW. By Desmond MacCarthy. New York: Thames & Hudson. 217 pp. $3.

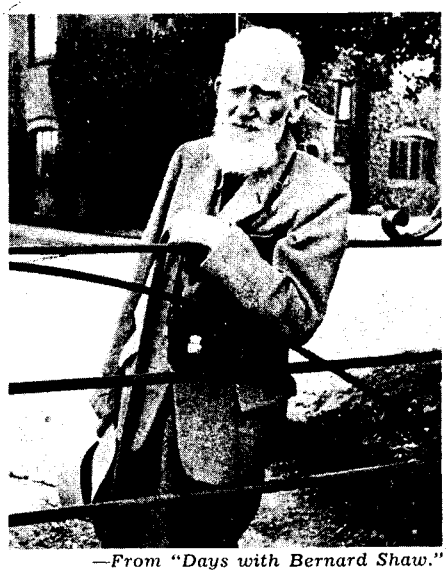
By Jacques Barzun

DESMOND MacCARTHY has not in this country the reputation that he deserves. A few know him as the one-time editor of a periodical of the Thirties called *Life and Letters*, as the author of a book on the much earlier but no less significant Court Theatre, and as a critic at large for the *New Statesman* and the *Sunday Times*. He is also to be numbered among the band of learned lunatics (I profess to be one too) who take pleasure in the pseudo-scholarship of Sherlock Holmes.

The reissue in book form of Mr. MacCarthy's reviews of twenty Shaw plays should fill out this indistinct sketch and show the author for what he is—a judicious critic of drama who is also a strong admirer of Shaw. Too often, and this was one of James Agate's deficiencies, the intelligent devotees of the playhouse think that Shaw hardly merits their attention. The cliché has it that his plays are all talk, every character speaking native Shavian and never deviating into human speech. If I know anything of cultural history, the standard authorities of the year 2150 will be repeating this commonplace to the educated public (who will believe it) and the bright young men with energy enough to use their own eyes and ears will be refuting it. Mr. MacCarthy has the distinction of having been such a bright young man in the early 1900's when the plays were new. His first reviews are in fact of the original productions of "Candida," "John Bull's Other Island," "Man and Superman," etc. The latest of that batch is dated 1907.

His chief point in those days was that Shaw's most notable talent was for creating characters abundant in life and numbers, varied in size and depth, distinct in utterance, and so apposite as to become bywords for existing types—Prossy, 'Enery Straker, Roebuck Ramsden, Tom Broadbent, Gloria in "You Never Can Tell," Higgins in "Pygmalion," Mrs. Andrew Undershaft—the list when stretched out to include the whole canon of plays is really enormous, Dickens-like, Shakespearean.

Anyone who doubts this fact may read in Mr. MacCarthy how, why, and where it is so; and he will find the reading a pleasure, for the critic is brief, fluent, and sure of his ground. And nothing that Shaw has produced since the First World War has caused him to alter his judgment, even though the freshness and force of the characterizations have varied as their creator's power fluctuated during his declining years.



—*From "Days with Bernard Shaw."*

GBS—"Dickens-like, Shakespearean."

Of course, the present collection of essays has another purpose besides that of reaffirming Shaw's first claim to dramatic genius. The sequence traces the development of Shaw's social philosophy, and in this regard Mr. MacCarthy finds himself more and more at odds with his subject. Doubts began to assail him when he looked into the implications of Shaw's attitude toward his audience. Is it not inconsistent that Shaw should care so much for the welfare of the common man while assuming the common man to be fundamentally stupid? The critic argues that however inarticulate, the common man perceives qualities of life, and particularly of the affections, that Shaw purposely ignores. This ignoring mixed with condescension leads to Shaw's unsoundness on all questions involving individual liberty. In other words, Shaw is an impatient reformer who becomes a superior tyrant, and he ultimately has to condone inferior tyrants and their methods, including mass exterminating.

I think this is a tenable but insufficient account of the facts. Shaw may be condemned without reserve for certain *statements* in his later work, the result of bad judgment, fatigue, or the common liability to miscalculating the effect of words and poses—especially in newspaper interviews. But the record shows that when challenged after his wobbles, he invariably returned to his role of pointing true north.

While attacking, Mr. MacCarthy neglects the problem that Shaw never let go, the problem of governing the emancipated masses of the world without enough men and skill to do it with. In Mr. MacCarthy's "liberty" Shaw could see the perennial cause of mighty catastrophes. In Shaw's superior despotism his critic sees the full program of horrors we are witnessing. This is not a choice, it is a dilemma; and Shaw's tireless attempts to cope with it deserve something better than disapproval in toto.

The collection of dramatic reviews concludes with a brief personal memoir of Mr. MacCarthy's several visits to Shaw. It confirms what other observers have told us of Shaw's blended generosity and detachment. In another place, Mr. MacCarthy once published his boyhood recollection of meeting Samuel Butler: the triangle connecting the persons and dates in these two sketches is, like these collected reviews, a precious document for the intellectual history of our times. All gratitude to Mr. MacCarthy for giving us so much, unassumingly, and in short compass.

Jacques Barzun, professor of history at Columbia University, is author of "Darwin, Marx, Wagner," "Berlioz and the Romantic Century," and other books.

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Dynamic Intellect

MR. ODDITY: Samuel Johnson, LL.D. By Charles Norman. Drexel Hill, Pa.: Bell Publishing Co. 388 pp. $4.

By Robert Halsband

THERE is something about Dr. Johnson that compels the imagination. Certainly not his oddities—his dirty linen or slovenly habits, his indelicate table manners or nervous tics. The contours of his life, probably, along with the rugged power of his personality, form a design whose appeal is universal.

His life, at its simplest level, is a Horatio Alger myth. He starts as the provincial bookseller's ungainly, scrofulous son, a dogged failure at everything he undertakes, and ends the master of London's intellectual élite, a social lion gingerly petted by fastidious hostesses, flattered by statesmen, even by the King. But his success story is not so obvious, or tiresome, for it includes a persistent counterpoint of the comic, often so bitter that it becomes tragic. His love affairs, for example. The absurd Tetty Porter, a dumpy widow twice his age, whom he married and adored long after she went to her grave. She is almost as comic to us as his attachment to her is touching. And then the succession of genteel, platonic "mistresses," culminating in the witty Hester Thrale; but peeking from these tender friendships are the padlock and the shackles of the tortured masochist. The comic, the tragic, and the pitiful all combined, then, in a character as fabulous as Charlie Chaplin.

But Johnson goes beyond these shadowy heroes in an important respect. They are playthings of their destinies, whereas he possessed a dynamic intellect that supplied his power. The play of his mind is a fascinating thing to observe, particularly since it is so well documented. Its grasp of fact, its vast common sense, its frequent wisdom are impressive enough, but its most engaging quality is its sincerity. He could be a bully, a brutal antagonist, wrong-headed, stubborn, narrow-minded, but he could not be insincere. "Clear your mind of cant," he would thunder at others, and obey himself. Here, then, is the design: an honest mind engaged in a gigantic struggle which was a war whose battle lines constantly changed. Poverty, loneliness, literary failure, hypochondria—as he conquered each enemy to happiness, another appeared in its place; and toward the end of his life the most powerful was one he had never succeeded in quelling—his fear of death and of what lay beyond it. It is an untiring adversary, of course, one which most of us elude, dodge, or bypass; he met it headlong. And at the final meeting he seemed to have conquered it. In his last illness, when asked whether he felt better, he answered not like a little fish but like a whale: "No, Sir, you cannot conceive with what acceleration I advance towards death"; and his last, last words were a blessing to a friend's daughter.

Obviously a figure so titanic easily overshadows his biographers. Boswell, the greatest, is only now—with the publication of his own writings—emerging from the shadow.

Mr. Norman's book is not at all satisfactory, although it has some virtues. Except for the title—which sounds like an epithet from Arthur Kober's sagas of the Bronx—it is intelligent; it uses reliable sources without distorting them, and it is written in a style that is clean and expressive. It sketches in the facts of Johnson's life with brief clear strokes, and includes many long extracts of conversations and letters. Its minor faults are not important: an occasional pomposity about English literature, an outdated depreciation of eighteenth-century poetry, an occasional cliché of the popularizer ("Little did he suspect . . ."), the use of four dots at the end of scenes to denote a poetic intention. Its great and overwhelming fault is that it does not encompass its subject, and does not deepen our understanding of any important aspect of that subject. Without disparagement one may say that the book reads like a superior book for superior juveniles, and it would be useful as an introductory study before entering Boswell's biography. Since it does not contain any bibliography that deficiency is easily supplied by James Clifford's "Johnsonian Studies" (University of Minnesota Press). And the deficiency in depth and subtlety and thoroughness can be supplied out of Joseph Wood Krutch's admirable biography of Johnson, published about seven years ago.

Intellectual History

THE VICTORIAN TEMPER. By Jerome Hamilton Buckley. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 282 pp. $4.50.

By Gordon N. Ray

READERS of Mr. Buckley's "William Ernest Henley" will particularly remember the skill with which he related his subject to the currents of thought and feeling that dominated the latter nineteenth century in England. In "The Victorian Temper" what was background in Mr. Buckley's earlier book becomes foreground, and he extends his explorations to include the whole of the Victorian period. The resulting study may be described as a selective intellectual history of the age, at the "literary" rather than the speculative level, centered around the rise and decline of the "moral esthetic."

"The historian of Victorian England must be something of a moralist," G. M. Young has written, "because his topic is how inward greatness was attained and lost." Mr. Buckley meets this specification. He is concerned with evaluating as well as describing the Victorian preoccupation with the moral utility of art; and unlike such predecessors as Louise Rosenblatt and M. A. J. Farmer, he finds in this preoccupation a principal reason for the greatness of the "high Victorians." By upholding "a criterion beyond mere formal perfection," he argues, these writers fostered "a general culture enriched by common ideals" which was far healthier than the almost complete divorce between serious art and the great public obtaining in our own age.

In this frame Mr. Buckley considers most of the leading Victorian poets and polemical prose writers as well as a number of minor figures whose work retains at least a representative interest. The novelists he largely neglects, no doubt for reasons of space. Yet one cannot but feel that a chapter relating, let us say, the fiction of George Eliot to the Victorian "morality of art" would have been more rewarding than Mr. Buckley's survey of the "Spasmodics," good as this survey is. The selection of topics for discussion must have been the author's chief problem. So rich is the Victorian period in evidence bearing on Mr. Buckley's theme

(*Continued on page 46*)

Gordon N. Ray, of the University of Illinois, is the editor of "The Letters and Private Papers of William Makepeace Thackeray."

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SRI AUROBINDO

Today, No Thinking Person Can Afford to Remain Ignorant of the Writings of This Great Master of Life and Letters

Photo by Henri Cartier-Bresson
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Sri Aurobindo

Aug. 15, 1872—Dec. 5, 1950

TO ever-increasing thousands throughout the world — including many of the great contemporary thinkers of East and West — the works of Sri Aurobindo are bringing a new source of inner strength, serenity and hope in this atomic age of fears, frustrations and conflicts. Below are excerpts from an editorial tribute to Sri Aurobindo from the London Times Literary Supplement:

Of all modern Indian writers Aurobindo —successively poet, critic, scholar, thinker, nationalist, humanist—is the most significant and perhaps the most interesting. In fact, he is a new type of thinker, one who combines in his vision the alacrity of the West with the illumination of the East. To study his writings is to enlarge the boundaries of one's knowledge.

. . . He gave up everything, and withdrew to Pondicherry—to follow the new light that had been vouchsafed to him. What was this light? To be of active help to the new world which, in his opinion, was struggling to be born. To achieve this aim he had, first, to make of his body, mind and spirit a delicate and precise instrument, and then to learn to draw from this instrument the maximum of its possibilities. Aurobindo cannot be dismissed as one who happens to have written a few fine books. He is a Yogi (a completely free spirit) who writes as though he were standing among the stars, with the constellations for his companions. Indeed, Aurobindo is accepted by contemporary India as not even Tagore was accepted. There are no criticisms, only praise. This rises to a crescendo of adulation.

As an Indian scholar and critic he is second to none. He is blessed with a keen intuition. Like Coleridge and Heine, he displays a piercing and almost instantaneous insight into the heart of his subject; and, what is no less important, his immense and exact knowledge of the thought and feeling of both East and West—he is an accomplished scholar in Sanskrit, Greek, Italian, French, English and Bengali—gives his judgments balance and poise. He knows that a man may be right, but not wise. He treats each word of his as though it were a drop of elixir. In all this he is unique . . .

He is not a philosopher in the ordinary sense of the word. He gives us no rounded system of speculation, but only flashes of light.

Aurobindo, we see, is neither East-bound nor West-bound. . . . He has written, if one may say so, at unconscionable length, on ultimate problems . . . that even his early essays are full of fertile ideas. And he has crystallized the mellow wisdom of a lifetime into luminous prose in *The Life Divine*, which, it is not too much to say, is one of the masterworks of our age. The book has length, breadth and height. In a real sense, it enriches our experience.

To begin with Aurobindo's central and centralizing conception, Spirit, according to him, is the rootless root of all existence, and life is only one of its manifestations. Spirit must be not only the origin of life but its basis, its pervading reality and its highest total result. But the forms of life as they appear to us are at once its disguises and its instruments of self-manifestation. Man has to grow in knowledge till they cease to be disguises and grow in spiritual power and quality so as to become in him perfect instruments. To grow into the fullness of the divine is the true law of human life and to shape this earthly existence into its image is the meaning of evolution. In fine, perfection here and now is our goal. But this truth had to be worked out from the metaphysical point of view, and this Aurobindo does in *The Life Divine*.

Of course the importance of the book lies neither in its beauty of tone nor in its beauty of inspiration—both of which are there—but in its power of creating round us wide circles of peace. No summary or discussion can suggest this mystic quality. It is a matter of total effect. This is, one feels, a production of flaming faith—faith in the existence of an all-wise and all-kind God; faith in the rightness of the cosmic scheme; faith in the upward march of humanity. Aurobindo is no visionary. He has always acted his dreams. "Truth of philosophy," he has said, "is of a merely theoretical value unless it can be lived. . . ."

So from individual self-discipline he has gone to the life of humanity. *The Human Cycle* and *The Ideal of Human Unity* should be carefully considered by all those who are busy preparing blue-prints for the future. Aurobindo is an internationalist, not in a dreamy nor yet in a conventional manner, but by inner compulsion of thought leading to an inevitable conclusion. Long before others he spoke of "one world." His final word is that we are, whether we like it or not, "members one of another." Unless we realize this truth, and act upon it, we shall never have peace and goodwill on earth.

"I regard Sri Aurobindo's The Life Divine as a book of the highest importance . . ."—ALDOUS HUXLEY

"Sri Aurobindo's (Integral Yoga) is an epochal discovery . . . his works . . . perhaps the most important in history."—SIR ROBERT BRISTOW, *C.I.E.*

"Sri Aurobindo, foremost of Indian thinkers, has realized the most complete synthesis between the genius of the West and of the East."—ROMAIN ROLLAND, *Nobel Laureate, France*

"Sri Aurobindo opened the way to my religious consecration . . . I have derived considerable solace and enlightenment from reading his works."—GABRIELE MISTRAL, *Nobel Laureate, Chile*

"At the very first sight I could realize that he (Sri Aurobindo) . . . had accumulated within him a silent power of inspiration . . . I said to him, 'you have the Word and we are waiting to accept it from you. India will speak through your voice, Hearken to me.'"—RABINDRANATH TAGORE, *Nobel Laureate, India*

"Aurobindo is to me one of the greatest teachers of mankind today. His wisdom surpasses intellectual knowledge and inspires efforts to reach contact with the life divine. In a darkened age his message brings hope."—BARON PALMSTIERENA, *President, World Congress of Faiths*

"I shall not restrict Sri Aurobindo's greatness to this age only. We have Plato, Spinoza, Kant and Hegel but they do not have the same all-embracing metaphysical structure, they do not have the same vision."—DR. FREDERIC SPIEGELBERG, *Stanford University*

"Aurobindo's treatises are among the most important works of our time in philosophy, ethics and humanities. Sri Aurobindo himself is one of the gratest sages of our time." PITRIM A. SOROKIN, *Harvard University*

Here, indeed, are "books to live by" . . .

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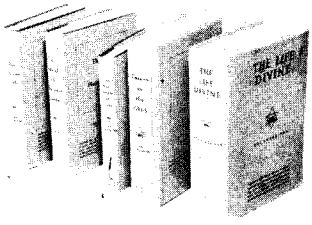

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Seeing Things

HOME IS THE HUNTER

—Peter A. Juley & Son.

The famous Sargent painting of R.L.S.—"fame . . . came . . . with a hurricane's force."

ALTHOUGH nothing is supposed to succeed like success, few things could be more hazardous than the kind of success Stevenson enjoyed at the time of his death. He was only forty-four when he was stricken at Vailima on December 3, 1894. It was not his old enemy, tuberculosis, that killed him. Instead it was a cerebral hemorrhage. Even so, the long and gallant battle he had waged against consumption in Scotland, France, Switzerland, England, America, and the South Seas had made him a universal symbol of human courage.

Fame had approached him slowly. Yet when it came it was with a hurricane's force. Stevenson was more—far more—than the author of fabulous best sellers. He was a classic, though a contemporary. His style was widely and ecstatically admired. His tamer essays were already being studied as models in schools. So, too, were passages from his travel books. His short stories and tales of adventure were devoured by old and young alike. Reports that he lived dangerously as a kind of king of a South Pacific island added to his glamour. In its appeal to the public imagination his adventure in Samoa was compared to Byron's in Greece. He was a man who had become a legend, and a legend that had grown into a cult. Indeed, when he died Stevenson was perilously near literary canonization.

Then came the change, the inevitable change. Sidney Colvin over the years could edit the letters lovingly though with some strange suppressions. Fanny Stevenson could preface new editions of her husband's work with personal reminiscences. Graham Balfour could write the official "Life." Friends without number could publish their warm recollections of R.L.S. But, though the legend remained, readers (at least adult readers of the whole body of his work) began to drop away. There was no mistaking the ugly fact that the tide which had been so high had begun to ebb. His ill-fortune was that he tended to be consigned to the young and forgotten by the old.

Most popular authors go into a temporary eclipse soon after their deaths, only to be rediscovered later if they merit it. This is the familiar pattern. Stevenson, however, has suffered from more than the customary recession. He has been exposed both as man and writer to attacks, blatant in their lack of understanding, extraordinary in their savagery, and vicious in the gossip they have palmed off as facts.

For much too long a time Stevenson has deserved to be saved from his detractors no less than his idolators. David Daiches made a healthy start in this direction in his fair-minded and illuminating critical study* published four years ago in the Makers of Modern Literature Series. So did the late Laura L. Hinkley last year in "The Stevensons: Louis and Fanny,"** in spite of her book's somewhat gushy tone. But the person who has done most to restore Stevenson to his proper place is J. C. Furnas. His "Voyage to Windward"† is by all odds the best biography of R.L.S. yet to have appeared. No one has told the fascinating story of Stevenson's life half so well as Mr. Furnas. No one has painted so vivid a full-length portrait of the man and his career. No one has written with so much new and enlightening material at his disposal. Or followed in every absorbing detail the shifts in Stevenson's reputation.

Mr. Furnas may confound the professors by admitting he has been trained as a reporter rather than a scholar. Yet few professors after reading "Voyage to Windward" will, it seems safe to say, challenge his statement that the book's "all-round reliability probably has not suffered." A first-rate reporter is as scrupulous a researcher as a Ph.D. How outstanding Mr. Furnas is as a reporter he demonstrated sixteen years back in "—And Sudden Death," that unforgettable article about the perils of motoring in this country which he contributed to *The Reader's Digest*. Mr. Furnas has come a long way since then. Although he has not lost his reportorial skill or commendable curiosity, he is much more than a journalist. He is a writer of wit and perception blessed with an admirable command of the language. He is a man of uncommon cultivation who is able to put his formidable knowledge to lively and unpedantic uses.

By his own confession Mr. Furnas has wanted to write about Stevenson for fifteen years. He has been hard at

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*ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By David Daiches. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 196 pp. $2.

**THE STEVENSONS: LOUIS AND FANNY. By Laura L. Hinkley. New York: Hastings House. 360 pp. $3.75.

†VOYAGE TO WINDWARD: The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. By J. C. Furnas. New York: William Sloane Associates. 566 pp. $5.

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work on his present volume since 1946. To complete it, he has traveled more than thirty thousand miles in search of materials. He has lived at Vailima, Stevenson's home in Samoa. He has visited every place, except Davos and the Marquesas, important to the Stevenson saga. Above all, he has read hundreds and hundreds of thousands of words in hitherto unpublished letters and manuscripts by R.L.S. and his circle, including those in Yale's recently acquired Beinecke Collection. No wonder, when he and his wife were returning from a visit to Edinburgh, Stevenson had become so real a figure to them both that Mrs. Furnas said, "We'll probably be setting a place for him at dinner when we get home." After finishing "Voyage to Windward," this is precisely what one feels inclined to do, convinced as one is that Louis (yes, Louis) will come bounding in, tall and frail, wearing a velveteen jacket, smoking incessantly, his brown eyes shining, his stringy hair flowing, enchanting everyone with the vivacity and variety of his conversation.

I HAVE my own reasons for being especially grateful to Mr. Furnas. During the freedom of the past summer months I happen to have been reading, or rereading, almost the whole of the published Stevenson and everything about him that I have been able to lay my hands on. I had not planned to do so, at least on such a scale. But having once started, I found I could not stop. Pleasure, not duty, led me on.

Quite aside from the delight with which I devoured the better of his letters, essays, short stories, novels, and poems, and my admiration of his genius for setting a scene or sending a narrative galloping on its way, I grew as interested in the man as in the artist. I sensed, as who could fail to, the color of his personality, the contradictions in his nature, and the heat of his revolt against Calvinism. More and more the paradox of so good a man's preoccupation with crime and evil intrigued me.

Naturally I began to wonder if in his student days he had been the wild amorist his detractors have liked to believe. Or if, as I suspected, his were only the normal experiences of young manhood, darkened in retrospect by a Calvinist conscience he could not quite discard. His defiance in dress and behavior of respectable Edinburgh; his long addiction to "Skeltery"; his period of stress and strain with a stern but indulgent father who was disappointed in his son's choice of a profession no less than in his religious views; his break with his old

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friend and collaborator, W. E. Henley; the inescapable horror of Henley's attack on him after Stevenson's death; Stevenson's palpable but generally ignored growth as a writer; his fondness for older women as shown in his letters to Mrs. Sitwell and his ultimate marriage to Fanny Osbourne, that determined but gifted American who became the policewoman of his health, his work, and his reputation—all these, and more, were matters which held for me an increasing fascination. They raised questions which haunted me and to which I never found any satisfactory answers until I read "Voyage to Windward."

Mr. Furnas belongs to a new and welcome race of Stevenson biographers. His title-page makes this clear with its quotation of Othello's "Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,/ Nor set down aught in malice." Stevenson, the romantic, who could be utterly realistic about himself, regretted in his candid preface to "Familiar Studies of Men and Books" that he had written his essay on François Villon. His reason was that he felt he was too out of sympathy with Villon to have taken him as a subject. He disapproved of him completely. "Where you see no good, silence is best," said Stevenson. Untenable as such a theory is to a critic, it is valid for a biographer. Certainly there would have been no excuse for Mr. Furnas to devote the years he has to Stevenson, had he hated him wholly. His fondness for the man and his admiration for the writer, however, do not blind him to Stevenson's faults. Truth is the goal Mr. Furnas pursues relentlessly, leaving no clues unfollowed, no legends unexplored, and no lies unexploded.

He knows that, in the famous "sedulous ape" passage about how he mastered writing, Stevenson laid himself open to the absurd charge of those, like John J. Chapman, who hated him that to the end he was no more than "the most extraordinary mimic that has ever appeared in literature." Mr. Furnas is likewise aware that the very success of "Treasure Island" did its damage. It so established Stevenson as a writer of juveniles that many have left unread such exciting proofs of his full maturing as "The Beach of Falesà" or "The Weir of Hermiston," that superb story he was dictating on the day of his death which contains in its last paragraph the prophetic line, "There arose from before him the curtains of boyhood, and he saw for the first time the ambiguous face of woman as she is." Mr. Furnas is no less aware that there have been those who, like George Moore, have condemned Stevenson's style as being so much "literary marquetry."

Fortunately, Mr. Furnas is not afraid to fight back. He dispatches Moore, Chapman, E. F. Benson, Thomas Beer, Frank Swinnerton and, above all, Henley with delightful dexterity. As for Henry Adams and the churlish account he wrote of his visit to the Stevensons in Samoa, Mr. Furnas drowns him nicely in the icy waters of Adams's egotism, snobbishness, insularity, misinformation, and general small-mindedness.

Mr. Furnas is equally devastating on the subject of such gossips as George S. Hellman and John A. Steuart. He does not question Colvin's description of the young Louis as "a man beset with fleshly frailties, strong appetites, and unchecked curiosities." Even so, it is a relief to have Kate Drummond, alias "Claire," killed off. Kate Drummond, according to the hopes of those scandalmongers whose major passion is mischief, was a black-haired, beautiful Highland girl that Stevenson had planned to rescue and marry after meeting her in an Edinburgh brothel. References to "Claire" in R.L.S.'s letters, plus astral confessions made to the long-divorced wife of his stepson, were responsible for the invention of this glamorous termite who has crept into the Stevenson legend. Mr. Furnas's investigation of the new evidence made available by the Beinecke Collection disposes of "Claire" for all time. Instead of being a Magdalene in kilts, she turns out to be merely "the first of a series of emotion-charged pseudonyms that Louis applied to Mrs. Sitwell" in his correspondence with her.

BUT TO come back to Stevenson and what really matters—the writer and the place he merits in literature. Mr. Furnas has a fine, discerning, and proper enthusiasm for Stevenson's magical best. He is not one of those foolish moderns who complain that writers can write too well. Instead, he is wise enough to know how superlatively well Stevenson could write at the incomparable zenith of his form. His conviction is that "to expunge from literature the upper third of his work" would be to leave a huge hole.

Stevenson's validity, says Mr. Furnas, "lay in fascinated industry that warmed words into coming alive in his hands; in devotion so intense that writer and words grew indistinguishable; in intelligent, organic ambition not for himself but for his beloved medium. It all culminated—glowing, eccentric, and whalebone-strong — in the parson's glimpse of Janet trampling the clothes; Pew tapping on the frozen road; Utterson and Poole listening at the laboratory door; the Durie brothers' quarrel; Hermiston hearing of his wife's death. . . . If literary fashion, as arbitrary as the cut of next year's evening gowns, keeps people from reading such things for their own delight and wonder, the more fools they."

To this I add a loud and emphatic AMEN, thanking Mr. Furnas for bringing the hunter home.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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TV and Radio

WHO REMEMBERS PAPA?

"MAMA" is back on CBS-TV these Friday nights for Maxwell House Coffee, and "Mama" rated remembering on a recent show. Mama taught Papa a tender lesson, worth teaching.

Mama (Peggy Wood) found out that adolescent daughter Katherine (Rosemary Rice) was reading a book called "Midsummer Madness," a definitely not-for-children best seller of Mama's day. Mama told Papa (Judson Laire). They talked the matter over with honest Katherine who was not surreptitious about her print-thrill adventure, and, as all family-oriented families do, the three made an agreement. Mama would read "Midsummer Madness," decide if it was good for Katherine to read, and Katherine would abide by Mama's decision.

Mama went to the public library, got a copy of the dubious book, and, not autumnally unresponsive to a bit of midsummer madness herself, she brought the book home for further perusal—concealing it in the closet under the stairs. Papa discovered it, sent Mama a nosegay, and arranged to dance with Mama in a community waltz contest. Papa was precipitately questing his youth. Mr. Huggins, at the works, had told him that "Midsummer Madness" was a naughty book, pawed over only by avid wives whose husbands were paunching and passing their prime.

In a pre-contest rehearsal in the kitchen, with the help of a record on the talking machine in the living room, Papa unyouthfully fell and sprained an ankle. Later in the evening—the middle-aged ankle soaking in a basin—Papa and Mama had their come-to-recognition scene. Mama had enjoyed the silly book but she had secreted it under the stairs only to keep it away from the children. Of course, Papa was not that young man in the family album: he was older, different, better—her friend, the father of her children, companion of thousands of hours. What would she want with a waltz king?

It was a touching moment, and it provided that break-through from familiar plot device to universal truth which justifies and makes thoroughly acceptable and useful the sentimental comedy geared to nostalgia. Technically this "Mama" show was the cleanest of any that I have seen on the series. There was economy in Ralph Nelson's direction, a welcome simplicity in camera angles, and a clarity of design in the film inserts. Miss Wood's charm is the pillar of the series, as is her Mama of the Swedish San Francisco family of an older day, established originally in Katherine Forbes's novel, "Mama's Bank Account," and made later into the successful play "I Remember Mama."

Out in Iowa, where I caught the show, and where they know, it was remarked that Mama had "almost a very good Swedish accent." Rosemary Rice, as the daughter who remembers Mama most of all, was, as usual, warm and winning. The whole cast's performance was assured. Nevertheless, it was the good lesson Mama read to Papa at the end, of value where value is, that made the affair of "Midsummer Madness" (written by Jerome Ross; produced by Carol Irwin) come off as well as it did.

Mom, of course, is the great lesson-giver of our national culture. First at her navel, then at her breast and at her feet, at home and in school, we learn our ideals, our morals, our design for living—all of which are too soon assaulted by Pop's main chance world. Unlike Europeans and Asians, we are, it has been noticed, a silver cord people. Mom, wise, loving, lovable, is the mother persona of our popular literature. Mom—on radio or TV—day or night—is never iconoclasted.

Pop, on the other hand, is a boob. Pop is a sucker, a jerk, the scuff, the butt, the fall guy. Pop is the Henry Aldrich who never grew up. Pop is at the apron string, getting into jams, playing pranks, being scolded. Pop to Mom is not husband—he is Son. Consider Maxwell House Coffee's radio version of family life—"Father Knows Best," on NBC, starring Robert Young and written by Ed James.

The day before mama was teach-

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ing her lesson on TV, father Anderson on AM was accused of beating and starving his children by a representative of Springfield's Child Welfare Society. Naturally, father was innocent, but what radio-TV writer would ever consider such a possible plot approach to Mother?

It all began with father buying an old billiard table. Down in the playroom mother—stern watchdog of the family budget—had just given him motherly what-for. Little daughter Kathy had to write a composition, and instead of getting motherly attention from father she was brushed off with the responsibility-shirking: "Why don't you write about your family?"

Daughter Betty had lost her lunch-money and son Bud his gym shoes. Father, fumbling at discipline, refused to help them. Instead he cast a fishing-line onto the billiard table, hooking and tearing the green cloth. A deal followed between son and father, in which mother would be conned out of the house while the repair man came and fixed the damage. Time passed; Kathy wrote about cruelty to children in the Anderson household; her composition got mixed up with welfare reports on the principal's desk; the wrong man came; misunderstanding; finally all was made straight, except that we were never told what happened to the billiard table.

That, however, was not the show's point. The device was designed merely to get father into the little boy pickle. Robert Young turned in his customary intelligent performance. The cast was smooth, competent; the production had the West coast gloss. The show was mildly entertaining—but no lesson. Father is not capable of teaching. In America, Polonius wears skirts.

It ought not to be. Everyone knows that in real life mothers can be something less than the apogee of benevolent, omniscent matrarchy, and fathers a good deal more than stumblebums. The jam and the pickle, of course, are the stuff in drama's bottle. And the frailties—of mom, pop, all the family. They can be toyed with on the networks to pass the time—but it would not hurt to balance the images with truth which is also good to the last drop. Within their proper sphere of entertainment the family situation comedies on the air could make a painless contribution if they would occasionally use their devices not as the end but the springboard for tender, true moralizing the kind we get from "Mama", and not from Father—who, sometimes, really knows best.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

SRL Goes to the Movies

A VISIT TO EALING

ALTHOUGH the names of British producers J. Arthur Rank and Alexander Korda are probably as well known in this country as Louis B. Mayer and Darryl F. Zanuck, the empires that the British gentlemen command bear no physical resemblance to Hollywood's. True, there are several large and well-appointed studios in England, but the largest is still small by our standards: a Hollywood "poverty row" producer would be apt to think twice before carrying his shoestring over the threshold of a studio the size of many a British lot. Fortunately, in motion pictures size and quality do not necessarily travel hand in hand. Even so, I must admit that on a recent visit to England I found myself quite unprepared for the Ealing studio. Ealing has produced, in my opinion, many of the best—and by far the most interesting—English films of recent years. Its reputation was established during the war with pictures like "Next of Kin" and "Nine Men." Since then it has scored repeatedly with such hits as "Passport to Pimlico," "Tight Little Island," "Dead of Night," "Kind Hearts and Coronets," "The Blue Lamp," and "The Magnet." Little films, perhaps, but each with an unmistakable stamp of intelligence, freshness, and creativity about it. I wanted very much to learn something of the organization that could turn out such pictures so consistently.

Well, Ealing is a little postage stamp of a studio, I soon discovered, hidden away in a residential area of suburban London. Its entrance I mistook at first for the driveway to someone's private garage. It leads past a small administration building to the single studio stage in the rear, with cutting rooms and dressing rooms on the second floor. Opposite is a paint shop and prop room, and just beyond that the building for writers and publicity. The studio's back lot is barely large enough to turn a car in.

But this very smallness has worked in many ways to give Ealing's pictures their special character. One senses immediately, whether in the dining room or on the studio floor, the basic unity of this whole compact company. Everyone knows everyone else, and there is a vast mutual respect. A producer says proudly that their head carpenter can work wonders of construction in no time at all. A secretary speaks knowingly of the talents of a new young editor. And, marvel of marvels, a director at Ealing admires the latest film of a brother director, while all unite in praise of their gifted scenario writer, T. E. B. Clarke. Harmony, an absence of intrigue, characterizes the entire studio, producing the kind of teamwork that fosters good film making. And the team remains together. Editors become directors, publicity men turn into writers. Only the actors are hired picture to picture.

Because of its limited studio facilities—at most two sets can stand on the floor at one time—the Ealing people are forced to look for stories that can be shot largely on location. But since many of their directors—Alberto Cavalcanti, Harry Watt, Charles Crichton, Charles Frend—came to the studio with documentary experience, what might have been a hardship has been turned into a virtue. Pictures like "Passport to Pimlico," "The Blue Lamp," and the recent "Pool of London" gained much of their strength from having been shot against natural backgrounds. It gave them flavor, a distinctly British feeling.

One thing more accounts for this

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special Britishness of Ealing's films, and it, too, is important. For some time now it has been the policy of Sir Michael Balcon, production head of Ealing, to make his movies specifically for the English market, the pictures budgeted to show a profit from England alone. Conspicuously absent from Ealing productions are all-star casts, spectacular settings, thousands of extras—all items that materially increase a picture's cost. In their place are strong story values, adult humor, skilled direction. And since these films have to make their way in England first, their Englishness is never watered down for the international market. Seen here, they display so well a strangely definable quality of their country of origin, sadly lacking these days in many of their England-cum-Hollywood contemporaries.

ALL OF this is a longish introduction to the latest Ealing film to be brought to this country, "The Lavender Hill Mob" (U-I). Starring Alec Guinness, directed by Charles Crichton, it displays all the virtues indicated above, plus a number derived specifically from the playing of its protean star. For Guinness again displays his uncanny ability to assume completely the life of whatever character he plays, changing face, voice, and gait here to become a mousy, meticulous underclerk of the Bank of England who plans—and pulls off—a perfect million-pound bank robbery. The problem of how to get the gold out of the country so that he can enjoy it is solved by a chance encounter with Stanley Holloway, a frustrated artist who mournfully earns his daily bread by manufacturing lead Eiffel Tower atrocities for the Paris tourist trade. Their joint idea is simplicity itself: make the towers out of gold and pick them up in Paris. With simple light-heartedness they recruit their "mob" by announcing in public places the large sum that stands unguarded in the office safe—then waiting until a pair of professional safe-crackers obligingly turns up. Their whole cockeyed scheme comes off beautifully; and all would have gone well if a crowd of touring English schoolgirls hadn't bought the wrong statuettes and carried them all right back to England just before the two arrive to pick up their shipment.

Mack Sennett once defined comedy as the kick in the pants that happens to somebody else, a point neatly illustrated on a rather more elevated plane by "The Lavender Hill Mob." Once the job has been pulled off, the situations spin out into a long nightmare of hilarious frustrations—Guinness and Holloway racing down the Tower after the rapidly disappearing schoolgirls with their booty, their frantic dealings with phlegmatic French customs red-tape while the Channel steamer moves tantalizingly away from the dock with its precious load, and the trail back home which ends when one of the lassies proudly presents her Eiffel Tower to her favorite Bobby at a model Police Exhibit. But there are wonderfully sly moments too, as when Guinness with a modest grin receives the plaudits of the bank executives for his supposed bravery in resisting the robbery he had in fact master-minded. Or the camera's slow tilt upwards, after Guinness and Holloway have arrived in Paris to pick up their gold statuettes, revealing a full view of the Tower itself. Nor can one overlook such wonderful character inventions as the neat old maid who has picked up her conversational gambits from American gangster novels, or the two Cockney crooks, politely deferential to the two nutty gentlemen who broke the Bank of England. T. E. B. Clarke wrote the film, an original, and has filled it with richly, wryly humorous observations of people and things; and Ealing, as is its wont, has staged his story against London's most genteel suburbia, a perfect point of departure for this wild ride into a world of uproarious fantasy.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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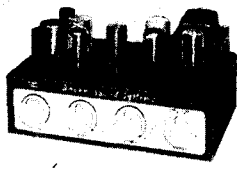

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BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page 38*)

that many arbitrary exclusions and some scamping in the treatment even of those figures who do appear were inevitable if the book was to be kept between two covers.

Some of Mr. Buckley's judgments regarding the material that he does cover seem highly debatable. In a closely argued chapter he deplores the exclusive emphasis that such critics as Harold Nicolson and W. H. Auden place on Tennyson's personal poetry, maintaining that the public poetry of his later career deserves equal consideration. From the point of view of the literary historian this thesis can certainly be supported, but the amateur of poetry, not to be persuaded out of his sensations, will go on preferring Tennyson's elegiac and descriptive poems. No one who has pondered Georges Lafourcade's "La Jeunesse de Swinburne" will find it easy to follow Mr. Buckley in regarding the autobiographical implications of "Poems and Ballads" as "nothing but wind," nor will many readers agree that Morris's "Defence of Guenevere" is "more deeply decadent" than Swinburne's famous volume. The many admirers of Morris's "Dream of John Ball" and "News from Nowhere" will be surprised to learn that Victorian Socialism gave rise to little of "even passing literary value." An acquaintance with the recent writings of John Betjman, Sir Kenneth Clark, and John Summerson might have mitigated the contempt for Victorian Gothic into which Mr. Buckley is led by his devotion to functionalism. Whether or not one agrees with Francis Bond that the Houses of Parliament are the finest modern building in Europe, they are clearly of more architectural interest than the Crystal Palace.

Though it is necessary to enter these caveats, it should be reiterated that "The Victorian Temper" is an ambitious book that does not fail. In an age of ever narrowing specialization, Mr. Buckley has managed to attain himself something of the "cultural integration" which he praises in the "high Victorians." If he has achieved neither a classic of general synthesis, such as G. M. Young's "Victorian England: Portrait of an Age," nor a definitive study of a limited aspect of the period, such as A. W. Benn's "History of English Rationalism in the Nineteenth Century," he has at least written a wide-ranging, lively, and provocative book which deserves the attention of everyone interested in the Victorians.

Jerome H. Buckley—"cultural integration."

Belles-Lettres Notes

A STEVENSON LIBRARY. Compiled by George L. McKay. Yale University Press. $10. Yale put on a very special celebration (it was concurrently observing the 250th anniversary of its founding) when this great collection reached its shelves a few months ago. This book too modestly describes itself as a catalogue of that collection—books, pamphlets, and broadsides of Robert Louis Stevenson gathered by Edward J. Beinecke. This first volume will be followed by a second which will list collected and selected editions, periodical material, books about Stevenson, source works, and books from Stevenson's library. Mr. Beinecke's Stevenson interest was first stirred by a reading of the Father Damien letter; it comes to full fruition in this handsome volume, which enumerates and describes 736 units. Just more than one-tenth of those units (seventy-four, to be exact) are "Treasure Islands," for Mr. Beinecke properly sought not merely first editions but everything—to portray not only a book's birth but its continuing life history. Thus the collection itself is not at all static; it can continue as long as Stevenson remains in print, which will probably be for a considerable time.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

THE CONTINUITY OF POETIC LANGUAGE: Studies in English Poetry from the 1540's to the 1940's. By Josephine Miles. University of California Press. $5. This volume will neither help the statistician understand poetry nor help the poet understand statistics; however, the literary historian in the search of trends, traditions, and tastes will find much of interest here. Josephine Miles's method consists of tackling the fourth decade of each century from the sixteenth to the present, listing authors and poems significant for the period, tabulating the proportional relationship between adjectives, nouns, and verbs, breaking the poetic vocabulary into a majority and a minority of words used and the frequency of their appearance in individual poets, and climactically comparing five centuries of major and minor poetic preference for certain words. Her hypothesis that every poem is bound to its time and yet shares the major vocabulary of all English poetry is borne out by the statistics presented. Interestingly enough, the common denominator of words used in poetry corresponds to that denominator of words most frequent in modern usage. Supplementing the statistics are helpful and extended analyses of poetry and prose passages, ranging from Chaucer to Auden, with emphasis on style and word effect.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

WORTHY DR. FULLER. By William Addison. Macmillan. $3. Dr. Thomas Fuller is certainly deserving of a new biographical study, for although his Victorian biographers diligently dug up all the information about him and his times they embalmed him as a literary corpse. Today we may not share the over-enthusiasm of his earlier admirers — Coleridge, for example, who found him second only to Shakespeare in exciting "the sense and emotion of the marvelous." But he stands firmly with Izaak Walton and John Aubrey as one of the great biographers of the seventeenth century. His "History of the Worthies of England" and "The Holy State and the Profane State," the most lively of his voluminous works, are valuable for all sorts of reasons, especially for their chronic readability.

In his chatty and full biography Mr. Addison succeeds to a great extent in infusing life into the plump and genial clergyman who tried to steer a calm course in those tempestuous times. He makes up for a dearth of first-hand material in two ways. He fills in details of Fuller's portrait with extracts from his writings which seem to have a personal application—a sensible procedure in Fuller's case, where even his most formal writings are shot through with personal quips and cranks. Then, by describing the religious and political controversies of Fuller's time, he sketches in a background which sets off the portrait and is often of great interest by itself.

At last, it may be said, the worthy Dr. Fuller has himself found a worthy biographer.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

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BRITISH LITERATURE: SURVEY & CRITIQUE

(*Continued from page 26*)

work of these men, and for that of Cyril Connolly and Raymond Mortimer, nourished from French and classical sources. But did they take to criticism for love or from doubt?

If it is decent to draw conclusions from a survey so short that it has been forced to omit biography, history, theology, world affairs, philosophy, and heaven knows what more, they are not such as to rouse either despair or complacence. We see a strong clear poetic stream. But we see, too, an always respectable, sometimes profound culture, Alexandrian in its elegance and subtlety, and its caution. The half-conscious refusal to take risks is what is disturbing. In a generous age, an age of warm passions, writers are less careful to avoid making fools of themselves. Only bite off what you can chew fine, is advice for invalids. Not that our literature is moribund; simply, it moves with an excessive care. The postwar names taste alike: a decent taste, but lacking pungency. Heaven forbid that this should be read as a cry for violence or obscenity: one of the primal functions of a writer is surely to civilize the words used by the tribe, and a writer who cannot convey the violence, tragedy, and pity of war without relying on the extremely limited vocabulary of the trenches and the brothel is failing in his own job. But it is a reminder that great literature involves great risks.

This begs the question. Great risks are taken by writers who are unconscious of them, and whether the end is foolishness or glory depends on the poverty or grandeur of the mind at work. We are waiting now for a writer able to call on a new form of energy to help him take possession of the world within and without. At this moment in our human story we are all solitaries, all shipwrecked Robinson Crusoes. Enclosed in our fears, we scarcely believe that other men exist; we have lost the sense of a profound communion with them. We need writers who will open the human condition to us at such a level that we see ourselves involved with all other men, below and beyond the fears which threaten us with destruction: writers able to examine the present with the same subtlety and honesty that so many of our writers are now giving to their examination and re-creation of the past. Hints, more than hints, of this power exist in a few of our poets, in Eliot, De la Mare, Edith Sitwell, Auden, Muir. Many of their own countrymen, as also many Americans, find our best poets obscure. Many Americans find our novelists mannered and lacking in vitality. Some of them are. But an intelligent young American called even D. H. Lawrence "too refined," the very last epithet that an English mind would choose for that reckless explorer into new country. It is a question of the tone of voice, of the stress, of mental habits. These change. It will be a pity if, in looking in us for a passion we have for the moment run dry of, Americans miss the passion we have kept.

Excavation

By Henry Treece

AS SINGING winds discover
Intricate root and vein
And excavating rain
Turns old bones over,

So pick-and-mattock men
Prise open buried places,
Scrape lichen from stone faces
To see them smile again.

But it's mere alphabet
To light tall pediment,
Hardest remains; spade can't
Reveal the beating heart!

Tot up the daisied meadow—
Easy alternative
To making stone words live!
Behind each moves a shadow.

Frightened by reason's frost,
Like soldiers in strict rows,
Letters stand, comatose;
But friendly ghosts are lost.

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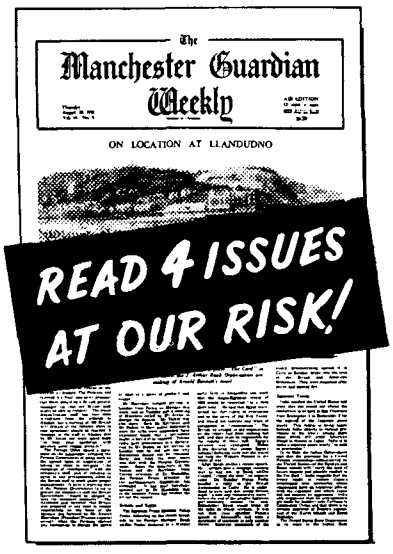

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

IN THE ROYAL FOOTSTEPS

THE ILLNESS of George VI has cast a somber specter over Britain these early fall days, but the anxiety of the nation has shown rather dramatically the great force of the Royal Family on the lives of the British people. The King himself, whose character and habits have never been assaulted by the most hypercritical, is a symbol, in this transitory era, of permanence and stability. As a Briton explained to me the other day, "Perhaps it is like meeting your very best friend. He has a noble countenance and a strong character, and when you see him it makes you feel good and secure."

The surge of security which the Royal Family imparts is usually dispensed in gilded wrappings of pageantry. The prospect of royal attendance at any event from a flower show to a tennis match casts a great aura of excitement over the proceedings, jumps the value of a ticket, and crowds the stalls. The Royal Family has become the greatest attraction for the traveler since the Tower of London developed a sordid, and therefore attractive, past.

Events attended by members of the Royal Family are usually ones which, by tradition, they have been attending for years. Some twenty-six affairs were noted on the regal agendas from March through the early part of September. They included the Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race, the Antique Dealers' Fair, a yachting meet, a Welsh agricultural show, and the Shakespeare Festival.

So many events pop up on the schedules that the Royal Family, fortunately buttressed by two able, knowledgeable, and attractive daughters, splits its forces and covers a number of things at the same time. May 1 this year found Princess Elizabeth opening the exhibition of the Royal Society of Arts in London, while Margaret was tracking off to Birmingham for the British Industries Fair. Two days later King George and Queen Elizabeth opened the Festival of Britain, and Margaret was back in town inaugurating the Festival Pleasure Grounds at Battersea Park.

One would be almost sure of catching a glimpse of royalty at the annual and uppity Royal Ascot, the June racing meet that has become a fashion show with horses. The men wear gray toppers, the ladies come in garden party dresses, and the King and Queen drive in state up the course to the Royal Box. In the fall the King has been in the habit of putting on the kilt and crossing into Scotland for the Royal Braemar Gathering, the largest highland games. By learning the personal preferences of the Royal Family one can fairly well determine who is going to be where, when. The Dowager Queen Mary, as an example, is an expert on antiques, and she would almost certainly show up at the Antique Dealers' Fair. At eighty-four she is also a tennis enthusiast, and would be certain not to miss the annual Wimbledon matches. Favorite London spots of Elizabeth and Margaret, on the other hand, are the Etoile on Charlotte St. in Soho and the "21" Club at Chesterfield Place.

ASIDE from the events on the normal royal circuit, the family also attends command performances given by outstanding members of the theatrical world. Those who plan to bathe in the royal light by attending such a performance should be warned that the curtain goes up as soon as the royal party arrives. Latecomers are seated in the dark. The present family has a notable reputation for punctuality. Occasionally they even arrive a minute or two ahead of schedule. The show goes on immediately, however, leaving those who arrive on schedule in the dark.

Not only the presence of royalty,

—*British Information Services.*

The Royal Family at their Scotch Castle Balmoral—"the curtain goes up as soon as the royal party arrives."

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but the homes in which they live have proven great attractions for visitors. When the King is in residence at Buckingham Palace there is a stately ceremony of the Changing of the Guard each morning at 10:30. When he is at Windsor Castle, a mammoth stronghold on the Thames an hour from London which serves as the summer residence, the Guards march in the Quadrangle. When the King is living elsewhere parts of the castle are open to the public.

Balmoral Castle in Aberdeenshire is the family's tidy shack during their visits to Scotland. Glamis Castle (they pronounce it *glams*) in Angus, Scotland, ancestral home of the Queen and birthplace of Margaret, is now open to the public twice a week. Suitably haunted, it reeks with the eeriness of "Macbeth," which was laid there.

Also open to public inspection is Holyrood House, where the family puts up when staying in Edinburgh. King's Lynn, the family shopping center when they stay at Sandringham, their house in Norfolk, has recently been established as a permanent center of music and drama. The first cultural festival was held there in July, and offered plays by Marlowe, a musical version of "She Stoops to Conquer," poetry readings by Osbert Sitwell, and concerts by the London Symphony Orchestra.

THOSE who are pleased merely to shop where the Queen shops, without any simultaneous injections of culture, will find the royal coat of arms on many stores in Britain. A drugstore on St. James's St. in London, for example, bears the seal of Her Majesty the Queen. It says nothing about the King, who must be presumed to buy his toothpaste elsewhere. During the war GI's got a particular kick out of having their hair cut in the King's barber shop on Curzon St. It is a fine establishment, regal and roomy, and has barber chairs separated from each other by oak-paneled partitions. Actually the King never visits the barber, but the barber the King. There is always the chance, however, that commoners can get a clipping with the same shears that snipped the royal locks.

Although the Royal Family perhaps comprises Britain's most active tourists, there is one place in the Empire where the King is absolutely denied entrance: The House of Commons. Charles I queered things there for all his successors when he tried to force the door in 1642 to arrest some political dissenters. The plain, unregal, unwashed tourist can pop in anytime, however, free as you please, no questions asked. —HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

LONDON IS A PLACE. By Leonard Feeney. Ravensgate Press, Boston. $3. It is perhaps legitimate to review this thin volume under "travel books," if for no other reason than that Leonard Feeney is a master of digression. His thoughts start out in London and ramble through little political stories, wander among rather partisan ideas on religion (and a preoccupation with it), and run aimlessly through appraisals of a variety of foreign types. Samples: "Germans are proud." "Frenchmen are sensual." "Italians are greedy." "Englishmen are gluttons." He offers some funny observations on the Irish vs. the English using a trick of sentence structure, but the trick is worked so often it becomes tiresome. For the author London is merely a *plaque-tournant* to lead him off in a hundred different and highly personal directions. Of his learned mind there is little question, and if the intellectual, non-directional essay is your dish, peel off the three dollars for the price of admission.

ACKERMANN'S CAMBRIDGE. By Rudolph Ackermann. Penguin Books, Baltimore. 95c. The Ackermann in question is an eighteenth-century German lithographer who set up a print shop in the Strand in London just before the turn of the century. Cambridge is, of course, the British university, and the plates are taken from a two-volume history of Cambridge published in 1815. Less than a third of the original collection of sixty-four have been reprinted. They are so detailed as to be architectural drawings, the colors soft and pleasant. The commentary prepared for each drawing becomes something of a guide to Cambridge.

THE CROWN JEWELS. By Oliver Warner. Penguin. 95c. One of London's prime sights for tourists is the collection of crown jewels kept under lights, glass, and guard in an octagonal cage in the Tower of London. This volume contains a portfolio in color of a num

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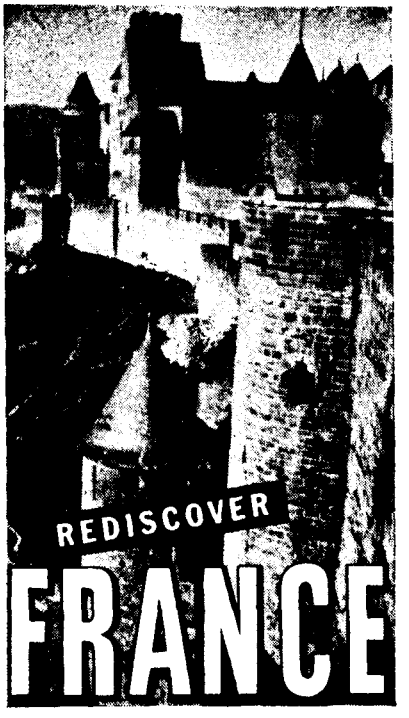

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ber of crowns of the collection, jeweled swords, an anointing spoon, and the ornate Exeter salt cellar. There is a guide to the jewels including many not shown, and the interest of the account is frequently enhanced by the inclusion of a small bit of pertinent history. Included, too, is the engaging account of how Col. Blood stole the jewels, for a brief interlude, on the ninth of May, 1671, and the rare fortune that was his fate.

THE SILENT TRAVELER IN EDINBURGH. By Chiang Yee. John Day. $6. There could hardly be a more incongruous combination than a Chinese reporting on a Scot. Yet Chiang Yee, as indeed is his custom, has turned out a delightful study in words and pictures. The tone of tender humor which runs through the book is in evidence at the very beginning in an introduction headed "Unnecessary Introduction," and in a self portrait of Yee done up in the kilt. His occasional line drawings are a delight and the magnificent color plates of Western scenes done by Yee in Oriental style are a high point of all the Silent Traveler books. Yee's word descriptions, I might add, are recorded with all the detail and delicate charm of the Chinese artist.

EDINBURGH: The Golden Age. By Michael Joyce. Longmans, Green. $4. Social life in the city during its golden period, 1769-1832.

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF LONDON. By William Kent. Macmillan. $3.50. As the title indicates, a reference book of all things London.

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BRITISH PUBLISHING AFTER TWO WARS

(*Continued from page 29*)

rationing introduced difficulties and hardships, especially to the smaller firms, but these were to some extent alleviated by the grant of an additional pool of paper for distribution according to need. The allotment of this extra paper was a delicate matter and it was handled in a typically British way. The responsible committee was composed of a small group of publishers sitting under an independent chairman. On the face of it, it might have seemed unfair that any one publisher should pronounce judgment upon another publisher's claim for extra paper; but good judgment and common sense prevailed and the system worked.

In those early days of the war we were all prepared for lean times and falling turnovers. But we were all wrong. Gradually it became clear that for the first time in the history of the book trade the demand exceeded the supply. The remainder market disappeared. If a book was in stock, it could be sold; in fact, an edition was frequently oversubscribed before it was printed. Paper and binding material were so precious that no publisher would dream of using them for a book of which the sales were risky. Risk, normally the quintessence of publishing, had vanished. Heavy stocks were gaily converted into cash —but frequently the gain was nullified by the Excess Profits Tax.

WITH the end of the war came the reckoning; every publisher had to face the twin specters of arrears and rising costs. We older ones remembered the similar conditions of 1919, but in 1945 the problem was more acute. All of us were desperately anxious to get our standard books and series into print again; all of us had accumulations of manuscripts accepted for publication, and authors not unnaturally expected that when the war was over we would immediately proceed to print and publish them. But printers and binders were all short of men and machines, and the pace was slow. On the financial side we had to recognize inflationary acceleration. To build up stocks on the basis of a greatly increased wage level quickly absorbed, and more than absorbed, the accumulation of wartime reserves of cash. The problem of costing was intensified. During the war the elimination of the element of risk had enabled publishers to maintain the price of books at a very reasonable level; there was no need to balance failures against successes. Today, the publisher is faced with the old problem: how far can he go in adjusting the retail price of his book to cover the glaring increase in his costs of production? One of his main sources of trouble is the curious unwillingness of the public to accept the higher price of a book as it accepts the higher price of other commodities. At the lower end of the scale it is, perhaps, reasonably content. The cheapest Penguin today costs 1/6—three times the original price. But if a publisher asks 12/6 or 15/- for a book which would have been priced at 7/6 before the war, he is regarded as an outrageous profiteer.

One suggestion made to meet this situation has raised a storm of indignant controversy, the suggestion that authors might accept lower royalties. I do not propose to discuss this proposal, except to protest against the description of it as an attempt to reduce the author's wages. An author is not an employee of a publishing firm. He is a man who has something to sell to a publisher, a party to a contract. Every agreement for the publication of a book is the result of an individual negotiation between author and publisher. For that book it is binding and can be modified only by the consent of both parties; it is for the author to decide whether larger sales on the basis of a lower royalty are likely to be more profitable to him than smaller sales on the basis of a higher royalty.

But I must not end upon a note of financial haggling. I believe that British publishers as a whole are still primarily and positively concerned with their fundamental objective—the dissemination of literature of good quality. Having myself been concerned with the direction of a university press, I have perhaps been more than normally sensitive to the demands both of literary and of typographical excellence, but I do not for a moment suggest that such sensitiveness is the monopoly of academic publishers. On the other hand, I do not think it is unfair to claim that in the proper patronage of scholarship and in the maintenance of fine and accurate printing the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have led the way. I, at least, am proud to have played a part in the maintenance of the great tradition of Cambridge books.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 36*)

room, could spin "The Young Visiters" out of her own innocent and charming head.

Possible, but so improbable that until I am confronted by Mrs. Devlin in the flesh I will go on believing that the inimitable James had at least a hand in its creation. However, "documentary proof" is as good as any other excuse to reprint for the benighted who have never read it one of the funniest books of the century. It would seem even funnier to me, if I could stop seeing the shade of Barrie leaning over Daisy's shoulder, altering a word here, a phrase there, to make the page more dazzling.

Take page 24 for instance:

"Now my dear what do you think of the sceenery Very nice said Ethel gazing at the rich fur rug on her knees." Does that not imply the adult leer?

Is not the hand of the grown-up visible when the prince is described with his "small but costly crown"? And am I only old and cynical and too conversant with the works of A. A. Milne when I disbelieve a child would write such a childish gem as:

"Oh Hurrah shouted Ethel I shall soon be ready as I had my bath last night so wont wash very much now.

"No dont said Bernard and added in a rarther fervent tone through the chink of the door you are fresher than the rose my dear no soap could make you fairer."

Actually, it doesn't matter who wrote what. Somebody, Sir James or Mrs. Devlin, invented the fascinating Salteena who was not quite a gentleman but who made such a distinguished appearance at court with his trousers rolled up to simulate knee-breeches, and who, about to visit a friend, "did not have an egg for his breakfast in case he should be sick on the jorney." *Somebody* created Horace the footman, and Edward Procurio, the Groom of the Chambers, and the noble Earl of Clincham who was so "parshial to mere people." And someone's full-bodied talent certainly laid quivering before us the most pulsating proposal in literature:

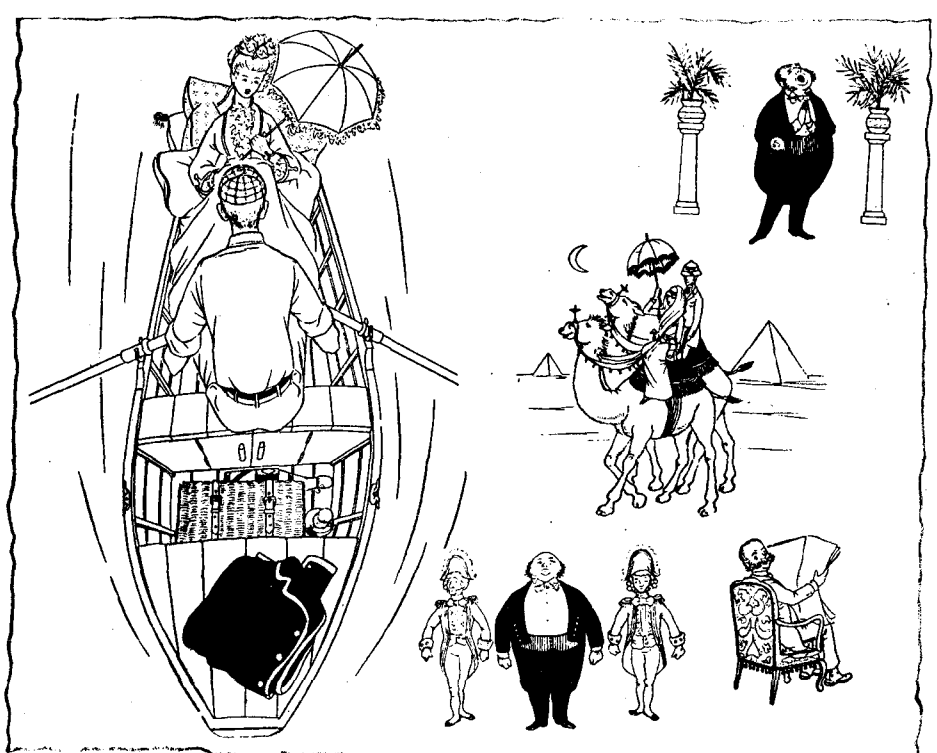
"My darling whispered Bernard and he seezed her in his arms we will be marrid next week.

"Oh Bernard muttered Ethel this is so sudden.

"No no cried Bernard and taking the bull by both horns he kissed her violently on her dainty face."

It's a wonderful novel, rife with romance, teeming with intrigue and excitement, and fitted with an appropriate but not too sentimental ending. For "Bernard Clark was the happiest of our friends as he loved Ethel to the bitter end and so did she him and they had a nice house too."

Good reading to the generations who have yet to meet with "The Young Visiters." Long live Daisy Ashford! I would just still like to know, though, who really wrote the book.



—*From "The Young Visiters."*

Fiction Notes

CELIA SCARFE. By Barbara Willard. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. How lightly does the twentieth-century woman stoop to folly? In "The Waste Land," T. S. Eliot shows the seduced typist putting a record on the gramophone as she thinks, "Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over." It is hardly so simple for a British schoolmistress like Celia Scarfe, who until her middle thirties has led a life of bondage to a limp, querulous mother, and of isolation from people her own age.

Far from taking her affair casually, Celia retreats in panic to her old status as a competent teacher of English history at Rougemont School for Girls. She tries to forget her vacation trip to Italy in 1939, where she met a lonely though married compatriot, Edward Meers. She almost succeeds in putting behind her the fact that she had fallen in love with him and had discovered, after his death in World War II, that she was pregnant. She gives her child to her married sister to bring up, operating under the illusion that she can "be free again, and everything will be just as it was."

The effect upon Celia's character of this flight from responsibility during the five years in which she does not see her young son, Miss Willard traces in clinical detail. Later, after an accident restores the five-year-old Edwin to Celia's guardianship, the author gives us a moving but unsentimental picture of the difficult stages through which Celia goes in getting acquainted with her son.

Barbara Willard redeems a somewhat contrived plot by her ability to make the reader respond to the visual and emotional components of Celia's private, rather adolescent, world. She shows insight in her account of the change in Celia's attitude before and after the birth of her child, and in her general realization of how much she has forever missed. Miss Willard is, however, less successful in presenting a convincing portrait of Celia as a professional woman in her early forties and in showing the impact of World War II and of postwar England upon her.

Although highly readable, "Celia Scarfe" somehow lacks substance. The fact that one is writing about an emotionally anemic, self-centered woman does not mean that the resulting novel need be anemic or thin. Yet, despite all the lyricism and sensibility which plays about the heroine and her son, "Celia Scarfe" reveals a rather narrow imaginative range.

—Dorothy Koch Bestor.

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THE ENGLISH CHARACTER

(Continued from page 21)

erected an elaborate bureaucracy, but temper it by common sense and a regard for justice. Their Parliament has all power, but does not exercise it; the Lords are legally powerless to frustrate or defeat the Commons, but actually can do so for long periods. There are no constitutional protections to private rights which Parliament cannot override, but private rights are safer with them than in countries that boast constitutional guarantees and the judicial veto. For two and a half centuries they have advanced by evolution rather than by revolution, and what George Halifax wrote in 1688 is still true, that "our government is like our climate; it must have a measure of imprecision which permits accommodation and compromise."

FOR all their open-mindedness and their tolerance, they are an intensely conservative people. They hate innovation, and their instinct is to search for a precedent. Where to an American the fact that something has always been done a certain way is a challenge to find another way of doing it, to an Englishman it is sufficient reason for retaining it. They know the advantage of steam heat but prefer the fireplace; all the propaganda of the Government has failed to introduce experiments in cooking; they still have, as a French wit put it a century ago, but one sauce. They are cautious and deliberate and do not like change. They like to keep the same car and the same clothes; if they have once had a room at Brighton or Torquay, they want that same room every August.

Yet notwithstanding this conservatism and suspicion of innovation, the English are progressive. Politically they are more progressive than their American cousins, and they are prepared for bolder experiments in the realms of economics and social relationships. Forty years ago Churchill was championing reforms that shock American conservatives today, and today again he is proposing innovations in international relations far ahead of public opinion in most other countries. In literature, too, the English have encouraged experimentation, and in art and music as well, though not, one feels, in architecture. The military everywhere puts up the strongest resistance to innovation; here the English compare favorably with their Continental rivals, and even with the Americans: they first saw the possibilities of tank warfare; developed and freed the air arm while the United States was still fumbling with the whole question of air power; saw and exploited the possibilities of radar before any other country.

For all their conservatism and stubbornness, they are the most adventurous of people. What other nation can boast a comparable galaxy of explorers and navigators? They are themselves one vast Hakluyt Society; from the days of Drake and Frobisher to those of Doughty and Burton and Lawrence they have led the way to the strange places of the earth, always carrying with them their ineradicable Englishness. They penetrate every river, conquer every mountain, levy upon the whole globe for their collections of flora or fauna, or of scientific lore. They write the best of all adventure stories; what other literature has a Stevenson or a Buchan, or, for that matter, a Henty?

They are, too, a romantic people, romantic about almost everything but love. They have persuaded the whole world that their landscape is romantic, and their novelists have even managed to throw an aura of romance about London and Manchester. They have taken over the seven seas, invested them with mystery and romance, and compelled the greatest of sea writers to adopt their language. In their games, their humor, and much of their literature, in their passion for tea and for bicycling they are incurably boyish.

Although they are the greatest of explorers and colonizers, have spread their language and laws throughout the globe, have fought and traded in every land, they are among the most parochial of people. They are not really interested in other countries, and tend to regard every civilization as inferior to their own; their highest praise is to say that something is "so English." They are sure that *The Times* is the best newspaper in the world, and if not *The Times* then the *Guardian;* they know that no higher education is quite as high as that which they provide, and they assume that if a book is not in the British Museum or the Bodleian it is not literature. Though not always able to speak their own language, they do not take kindly to foreign languages, or even to American or Canadian variations on what they think is standard English, and they will go to the expense of reprinting a book just to put

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a "u" in honor and an "me" on program. They even take a perverse pride in their weather, their architecture, and their cooking. It should be added that, unlike the Americans, they are rarely ostentatious about their superiority; they regard it as part of the cosmic system.

There is, needless to say, ground for complacency. Emerson remarked a century ago that the English make well all those things which are ill made elsewhere in the world. He had in mind material things, and it is still true that the whole world buys English shoes and tweeds and guns and even automobiles. What is more significant is that the English are equally skilful in fabricating institutions, even though—or perhaps because—the fabrication is a casual and absent-minded affair. Nothing could be less planned, or more English, than the common law, but every state in the American Union but one prefers it to any other. The Commonwealth is unsystematic and even amorphous, but it is the most effective international organization in the world today. The English have never really worked out an educational philosophy or systematized their schools, but their "public" schools and colleges attract students from every country in the world. They have created the best civil service, the best police force, the best postal system, to be found anywhere, and year after year they make the best books, the best motion pictures, and the best radio broadcasts.

WITH all their generosity and exuberance they are a thrifty people, thrifty of their property, their speech, and their emotions. It is not merely that they prefer understatement to exaggeration, in humor or in oratory; they suspect any public manifestation of emotion, verbal or by gesture. There is less public love-making in England than in either France or America, and less public manifestation of family affection. They do not shout themselves hoarse at games and would not know what to make of organized cheering. They distrust all palaver, and want to get on with the job. They dislike a fuss and a scene; will endure any discomfort rather than complain about it publicly, and thus suffer endless indignities from waiters and clerks. Even their murder mysteries are sedate affairs, and they prefer a title like "Death at the Vicarage."

They are thrifty of the products of their minds as well. They prefer, on the whole, a performance that is not too brilliant, a conversation that is not too clever. Lloyd George and Churchill were handicapped by their incomparable oratorical gifts. The English distrust the facile orator, the brilliant player, as they distrust the man who is too well-dressed or has too much money to spend. They resist styles, prefer old clothes to new, and have made tweeds and the umbrella national emblems.

Their love of privacy is proverbial and not exaggerated. Even the shabbiest garden is concealed behind a hedge, and the hedge is often re-enforced by a brick wall. Few people have less to conceal, but drawing the curtains and draperies is a national ritual and it is difficult to avoid the feeling that the English liked the blackout. When the Englishman sits out in his garden it is always at the back, and the back, like the front, is

usually well guarded by hedges and walls. The instinct for privacy characterizes personal relations as well. Except in novels the Englishman does not readily bare his soul; professional men are reluctant to let a stranger in on the secret of their profession or scholars to confess their scholarly pursuits, and authors do not talk about their books. Christian names are less commonly used than in most countries, and the notorious reluctance to introduce strangers is logical rather than fortuitous. Collectively, too, they are given to privacy. They do not broadcast a Voice of England, nor do they talk about the English Way of Life, and so far they have not inaugurated an I Am an Englishman Day.

Not the most important, but certainly the most disconcerting of English traits is class consciousness. It is not political, and it is only in part economic; it is chiefly social and psychological. Originating with the upper classes, it is retained by the middle and lower. In England these phrases still have meaning. A public opinion poll in America discovered that over 90 per cent of all people thought they belonged to the middle classes, but in England roughly half of those interrogated cheerfully admitted that they belonged to the lower, or working, class while—what is even more surprising—a substantial number accepted the term "upper class." Class consciousness reveals itself in a thousand ways, most of them insignificant in themselves, but cumulatively controlling. In England, alone of English-speaking countries, accent betrays class. The terms "lady" and "gentleman" still have much of their older meaning, and the distinctions between officers and privates in the Army, officers and ratings in the Navy, are far sharper than in the American armed services.

Nowhere else have domestics played a comparable role in society, and nowhere was the hierarchy of the domestic staff more implacable than in prewar England. There are no butlers like English butlers, and the Nannie is a national institution; both appear to be non-exportable. The use of the phrase "master and servant" to cover the field of labor relations derives from the Common Law, and there are social as well as professional distinctions between the solicitor and the barrister, between the wholesaler and the tradesman, between Church and Chapel, between those who are paid in aristocratic guineas and those who are paid in vulgar pounds. The English have achieved a greater degree of economic equality than have the Americans—largely by a ruthless use of taxation—but the average Englishman still tends to stay in his class and his father's class. The class structure is an escalator rather than a ladder, but it is the slowest-moving of escalators, one that takes a generation or two to ascend. This is the theme of a hundred novels, by Wells, Bennett, and Swinnerton, by Neil Bell and Howard Spring, by Galsworthy and Forster and Graham Greene; the Alger stories have no counterpart in English fiction, as "England Made Me" has no counterpart in American.

Logically this pervasive class consciousness should poison English society, but in reality it does no such thing. The English seem to like it. The Socialist Government has no intention of doing away with the monarchy or the Lords, and every middle- and lower-class Englishman and woman loves a title. It is perhaps part of that genius for compromise that the English manage to have both democracy and classes; certainly membership in the upper classes carries with it obligations and responsibilities rather than prerogatives. Disraeli could speak of "two nations," but today the English are not a divided, but a singularly homogeneous people; ease, good nature, and harmony characterize contemporary English social life.

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AMERICA THROUGH BRITISH EYES

(*Continued from page 20*)

simple, rugged, honest, naive Tammany ambassadors.

More serious than this suspicion of the Yankee nutmeg merchant is the very widespread conviction that, for mysterious reasons, Americans are politically erratic, impulsive, ill-informed, dangerous. Part of this conviction is simply a result of an old tradition. Comparatively few Americans had to know so much of the outside world, China or Chile, the Congo or the Caucasus, as had many English people, government people as well as businessmen. It was England not the United States, that was the "nation of shopkeepers." How can the Americans learn, in a few years, the skills that centuries of international dealing have made second nature in the City of London as well as in Whitehall? And both the Americans and the English have something (if I may use an Americanism). For if it is hard for the English to realize, in time, that the old order is going or has gone, it is equally hard for Americans to realize that the old order may be the only order available, that there is not necessarily at hand a technically competent governmental personnel. That may be somebody else's fault, but it may also be a highly relevant fact, not to be conjured away by evoking the spirit of '76. Englishmen think, that is to say, that "imperialism" is used as loosely, if not as mendaciously, by Americans as by Russians. If asked to repent their sins, they suggest that India compares favorably with China. And since feeling is part of the problem and part of the judgment, few things please the more or less aggrieved Briton more than to see an American discover that a lately oppressed Indian may have a high opinion of his oppressors and even prefer them to Americans. This form of pleasure reaches its height in Dublin where, to mention no other examples, Mr. De Valera's admiration for British administrative and political methods would shock a great many vehement Irish-Americans.

But these reflections are confined to the small groups for whom Dr. Mossadegh really competes with Messrs. Robinson and Turpin for news value. Much more widespread is the alarm caused by the fine, noisy, rhetorical style of so many American spokesmen. They may be self-appointed but there they are—editors, Senators, preachers of various kinds. First of all, linguistic styles have changed. Oratory is no longer in fashion in England. Even Mr. Churchill, except on very rare occasions, uses fewer flowers of rhetoric than a run-of-the-mill candidate for a state legislature. This means that great, booming statements that are discounted in America are reported and taken seriously in England. And, of course, the intricacies of the American political system are little allowed for, the autonomy of state and national politics, the independence of the Senate, the absence of party discipline in the English sense. All these combine to make the man in the street in London or Glasgow, not to speak of more sophisticated viewers with alarm, genuinely afraid that he may find himself at the tail of a kite whose string is in very unfirm hands. And this prospect pleases him the less that he feels that the results of the kite's breaking away will fall, first and worst, on him. Some firm statements from Senators and publicists remind him too much of the Irish landlord who wrote from London to his tenants in Connaught, "If you think you can intimidate me by shooting my bailiff, you are much mistaken." The English are sometimes afraid they have been tapped for bailiff.

BUT to conclude this theme, British policy has always been that of a power that needed friends. (It was by, for once, not making or keeping them, that she "lost" the thirteen colonies.) In modern times a great many Americans have thought, many still think, that they can go it alone. So they see everything in a bright New England winter sunshine when it is not an Arizona desert of blinding light and shade. We see things in the less distinct colors of a Thames-valley October. I don't believe that "I can lick any man in the room" is the American attitude, but it is the attitude of some Americans and if (Heaven forbid) it became or could plausibly be made to seem to be the attitude of any American administration, many partisans of the present Anglo-American alliance would reluctantly quote Sam Goldwyn and say: "Include me out."

It may seem odd that in discussing the British view of America I have so far concentrated on war, peace, politics, economics, not on more "human" topics. But, again, it is a sign of the times that these are the topics to which the attention of that minority whose attention is concentrated on any

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public issue at all, is directed. Nor is this unnatural. We are just getting over a great war fought in common. (We are not sure that *we* are getting over it; every time we get to the top of the hill the delectable mountains are the next range.) We may be moving into a new war to be fought in common. American planes roar over my house every day; my children are now very knowledgeable on types. It would be very strange if the great questions of war and peace were not in the forefront of our minds, apart from the fact that but for American enlightened self-interest, to put it no higher, we should be living at a much lower level. But we don't live by arms aid or by Marshall aid alone, and there was a British attitude to America long before lend-lease, long before the first British child asked the first American soldier: "Any gum, chum?"

Here it is important to distinguish two levels of opinion. For one form of the old association between Britain and the United States has been a continuous movement of population. Of course, most of the movement has been from east to west and most of the emigrants have stayed in America. But from the days of George Downing (Harvard, 1640) to those of T. S. Eliot (Harvard, 1910) there has been a big return traffic. How big can be estimated from the astonishing discovery made in the late war, that 8 per cent of the population of Britain had visited the United States for longer or shorter periods. This, of course included sailors who had jumped ship and people making brief visits to relatives. There is a great body of people with first-hand knowledge of America whose judgment and memories are no doubt affected and distorted by the press, the movies, the radio, and so on. But they have seen, felt, heard, smelt America. And the America they know is more likely to be Paterson, N. J., or Akron, Ohio, than Palm Beach or Concord or Palo Alto. They are in the main members of "the working classes." And it is the working classes who are most pro-American, or least anti-American.

OF COURSE, many of them are by political doctrine hostile to "American imperialism," see in the Marshall Plan some piece of diabolical cunning or some ingenious way of making money by giving it away, a device that only the preternaturally ingenious Yankees could invent. But they are for the American way of life in its visible aspects. And the less politically bigoted workers are for it in more ways than that. They are not worrying about what will happen to European culture if comics, gum, nylons, Coca-Cola, Hollywood styles in clothes, speech, behavior flood England. Their children are Americanizing themselves as much as they can. There is, no doubt, envy, no doubt resentment, no doubt occasional affirmations that there is nothing the Yanks can do that cannot be done better in England. But the more general attitude is "nice work if you can get it." In this they are like the workers of other West European countries, as far as I have been able to judge. And they are like them for the reason I gave earlier; this is an Americanized world and since you have to swallow (to put it harshly) the pill of economic dominance, political leadership, the atomic world, they might as well have the good things too. But this is probably too great a rationalization, for they want the good things because they think they are good, from the movies and the musicals to Coca-Cola.

With the "intellectuals," the makers and victims of public opinion at a higher level, anti-Americanism is much more common. One reason for it I gave also earlier. The resentment of the old squire at the power and pretentions of the *nouveau riche* is one of the classic themes of fiction and the theatre. It is this class that has had the most conscious stake in the old order now declining—to its loss. But it would be a mistake to put it all down to that, or even to the unfortunate love affair with the Soviet Union from which not all the victims of the Thirties have recovered.

For, in addition to these causes for alarm and despondency, there are others. In this American world what place is there for an old culture that may be dying but may also be helped to die? Here it must be noted that nearly all the critical impressions of America shared by this group are based on what Americans tell them through books, plays, movies. The successful American books and plays are

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

ADJECTIVES AND NOUNS IN POEMS

Mary Katharine Reely, of Glen Lake, Minnesota, asks you to identify the following sequences from well-known poems. Allowing 5 points for the poem and 5 for the poet, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 64.

1. idle king; still hearth; barren crags; sinking star; dark broad seas; frolic welcome; free hearts; sounding furrows; happy isles.
2. blackest midnight; brooding darkness; frolic wind; fresh-blown roses; dull night; dappled dawn; lively din; russet lawns; nibbling flocks.
3. blithe spirit; blue deep; purple even; silver sphere; lonely cloud; vernal showers; twinkling grass.
4. weary way; glimmering landscape; moping owl; rugged elms; stubborn glebe; useful toil; fleeting breath; silent dust; unfathomed caves.
5. common sight; celestial light; starry night; glorious birth; joyous song; tabor's sound; timely utterance.
6. muffled oar; phantom ship; measured tread; sombre rafters; heavy stride; hurrying hoofbeats.
7. cloudless climes; starry skies; tender light; gaudy day; nameless grace; raven tress.
8. flowery tale; mad pursuit; wild ecstasy; burning forehead; forest branches; trodden weed.
9. rustic health; merry glee; vague unrest; sweeter draught; brier-torn gown; modest answer; graceful air; unraked clover.
10. awful hand; ancient sacrifice; contrite heart; wild tongues; lesser breeds; reeking tube; frantic boast; foolish word.

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not on the whole good sales talk for the American way of life. The artist does seem to be unhappy in America. He isn't, perhaps, any more unhappy than in France or England, but the French and English writers aren't very enthusiastic about their native lands either. The movies, of course, paint a different picture, but then it is a point of honor to dislike or despise American movies or only to appreciate the few which manage to smuggle some gloomy truths past the Johnston Office. Then, and this is important, American literature has not at the moment the great prestige it had before the war. No new American names have really replaced Dreiser, Cather, Lewis, O'Neill, Faulkner, Steinbeck, Thurber. And none of these, living or dead, is optimistic about modern America. Henry James felt at home when he came to London because he knew George du Maurier's drawings in *Punch*. But who could feel comfortably at home in the Thurber world? (I hasten to add that one Thurber, in enlightened British as in American opinion, is worth ten Du Mauriers.) The success of "A Street Car," the publication, unexpurgated and unmolested, of "Hecate County," the revival of Scott Fitzgerald, the rise in the market for John O'Hara, these don't make American life a laughing matter, nor the extension of American ways a matter for unmitigated rejoicing. The greatest English poet is an American by origin, but no one would call Mr. Eliot a booster. It is not the thinkers and critics, but the ballad makers who matter, and they are busy selling America to a vast and appreciative audience. Dr. Godhes has pointed out that a century ago there was as much literary piracy in England as in America. Americans pirated "David Copperfield," the English pirated "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Wide Wide World," and at the same time as the future of America was being heavily discounted by the heavy thinkers, emigrants by the scores of thousands were risking their fortunes on the endangered ship. So it is today. Americanism is all around us. It is a grave cause for alarm, but Hollywood ties (not it is true of the first virulence) are on sale in the Strand. My records of "South Pacific" have been borrowed from me by a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, home of all forms of intellectual sophistication. The queue for that entertainment already stretches to Bali H'ai. American airmen are back in East Anglia as if they had never been away. We have lots to worry about, but I don't see a British Declaration of Independence casting off the Yankee yoke, even though it chafes at times.

POLITICAL PRINCIPLES

(*Continued from page 18*)

the reasons for the virtual disappearance of the leisured class from English public life—the penal taxation, the growth of the cheap press, the provision of free education by the state, the social confusion caused by two great wars, the development of governmental agencies which can only be staffed from a far wider field. It is more important to remember that the leisured class was the custodian and in part the creator of what we call the British political tradition. When it fell on evil days that tradition was bound to be considerably changed. It is with these changes that we are next concerned.

The most obvious of them in the domestic sphere is the insistence on the right of the majority to coerce the minority. In the early nineteenth century the English workingman and his radical leaders were highly suspicious of the state. This suspicion, however, was seldom the result of dispassionate inquiry. It usually arose from the fact that the state was managed by, and (as they believed) in, the interest of the upper classes. It was not the exercise of power in itself that they objected to but the exercise of power by other hands than theirs. When it became apparent that the Parliamentary reforms of 1867-68 were certain to give them an increasing degree of control over the administration and policy of the state their attitude towards it quickly changed. From being their enemy it became their friend; it became their object to bring its power to bear as frequently and as heavily as possible. They had no inherent objection to roughshod majority rule as such. Their own strength lay in numbers and the axiom that in the long run superior numbers acquired a sort of moral validity became a fundamental part of their creed. Argument was allowed for, but it must be argument within the party or the trade union. Once the decision had been reached it was to be forced through, with expulsion as the penalty for the dissident. To the general public the determination of Socialist-controlled authorities to ignore minority opinion may be terrifying; to the Socialists themselves it is not merely logical but morally right.

The second major change has been a shift of interest. The average Englishman, like the average man everywhere, has nearly always been more interested in what happens at home than in what happens abroad; in im-

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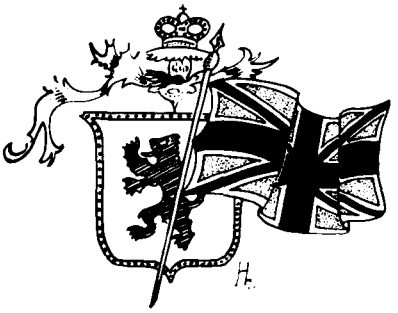
mediate material concerns—such as wages, rents, prices, and houses—than in foreign and imperial affairs. His interest in those affairs, never more than intermittent, was chiefly due to his being prodded and goaded by members of a class free from anxiety about rent and wages and accustomed by education and experience to think in broader terms. When the process of prodding and goading came to an end the Englishman settled down comfortably in the expensively upholstered armchair which we call the Welfare State. At a political meeting in England today the audience will yawn if foreign or colonial affairs are mentioned, but it will sit up and take notice as soon as the speaker begins to talk about the cost of living; and it is to such inviting topics that Opposition as well as Government speakers almost entirely confine themselves. In these circumstances it was the easiest thing in the world to solve the problem which imperialism presented to the conscientious Liberal by granting independence and by extending self-government wholesale. The long-drawn-out struggle to retain India, for example, could only have been continued at a cost in money and time and, probably, life which the majority of Englishmen thought was not worth paying. Since the grant of votes to women, and certainly during the last six years, British politics have been geared to accord with the preoccupations of the average elector. It is not surprising that their tone has been insular and at times parochial.

IT would be tempting to assume, on the one hand, that magnanimity and toleration and respect for individual rights and personality must soon be engulfed in a classless society ruled by block votes; on the other hand, that a major reaction against present tendencies is imminent. Probably neither of these assumptions is correct. The fundamental institutions of the country, the monarchy and the courts of justice, are venerated; the universities and the press are free, and there is still a sufficiently powerful body of informed opinion in the country to pillory, if not to prevent, the cruder forms of majority rule and arbitrary officialdom. Despite lavish provision for free education, the waiting lists for private (in English, "public") schools were never longer. But although these factors may be evidence of resistance, they are not proofs of reaction on any considerable scale. What would such reaction be towards?

Towards Liberalism, it might be said. It is quite a common device of American novelists to describe their



hero in a sophisticated setting in New York and then, by a throwback, to show the small town in New England, with its simple verities, from which he originally came. Usually, however, the hero continues to live in New York. The analogy may serve for the Englishman's attitude towards Liberalism. He may feel a nostalgic longing for it; he may wish at times that he had never left it; but he has left it, as much as one can leave any intense personal experience, and he is unlikely to return. The 9.1 per cent of the total vote and the nine seats out of 625 which the Liberals secured in the 1950 election were a fair assessment of their political position. Their failure is only partly to be explained by the familiar argument that so much Liberalism has been absorbed into the British political tradition that there is no longer any need to vote Liberal. A great deal has been absorbed, no doubt. Some of it has been retained almost intact, some of it greatly altered, some of it extruded. Representative government remains unassailed in theory, but in practice it is in some danger of being mere majority dictation. The rights of property, which, after all, were an integral part of Victorian Liberalism, are in a much more precarious situation in Britain than in America. On the other hand, there is more consideration in Britain, of a negative kind, for the freedom and opinions of the individual. Such investigations as those being conducted by Senate sub-committees and a good deal of recent American legislation against subversive activities would result in Britain in an outburst of sympathy for the persons and organizations attacked. So far as Liberalism stands for being considerate to as many people as possible, it still responds to something in the Englishman's mind and conscience. But political success has rarely come from being considerate to as many people as possible.

Even when it dominated British politics Liberalism did so less because of its own merits than because it served to release the energies of the most effective sections of society at the height of their optimism and self-confidence. It may be that American liberalism is in that position today. British Liberalism is not. It acts as a restraining force, slightly upon the Labor Party, very markedly upon the Conservative Party; but restraint is not policy. When it comes to voting, Liberalism seems to offer the average elector too little beyond an illusory simplification, a sort of sentimental humanism, to attract his support. Whatever happens at the next general election it is unlikely that the element of individualism in the British political tradition will be strengthened at the expense of that authoritarianism which has been developing, even more in practice than in theory, during the last half-century.

The character of this authoritarian tendency is a more debatable matter. Inflation, another major war, the indefinite continuance of a "state of emergency" would accelerate the trend towards a crude system of government based on numbers alone. A more settled state of things would allow the re-emergence of the old respect for quality and personality. Despite Marx, the English workingman does not care to remain a proletarian longer than he can help it. He aspires to become a member of the middle class and would aspire still more strongly if membership of the middle class ever came to carry something like its former material and social rewards.

BUT this carries us beyond the immediate future, and if a tangible reaction comes within the next few years it is more likely to be in another sphere. When the Englishman held his international and imperial position securely he found it rather a bore and was apt to escape as often as he could into the cosy trivialities of domestic politics. Now that he sees himself a football at the feet of Egyptians and Persians he is beginning to realize what he has lost. He has not yet appreciated the difficulty of having imperialism without having imperialists, any more than he has appreciated the difficulty of having individualism without individualists. But he is beginning to suffer from a repressed chauvinism which makes it impossible for him at times to distinguish between his friends and his enemies abroad. This is particularly true of the workingman. The social changes which have substituted cynicism for confidence in the middle class have had the opposite effect on the working class. The workingman feels, individually, not merely as good as he ever was, but a lot better, a match for anyone. He does not understand why his country is not, or is said not to be. He may try to find out.

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A DECLARATION OF INTERDEPENDENCE

(*Continued from page 14*)

time. They go back to the British decision to recognize the Communist Government in Peking as the government of China, while the United States continued to recognize the Nationalist Government of Chiang Kai-shek as the government of China. This difference in policy was carefully discussed and debated at the time, but all that could then be achieved was our agreement to differ. Then came the aggression of the North Koreans and some months later the intervention and aggression of the Chinese Communists in the Korean fighting. There were the initial successes of the Chinese and heavy American casualties in a difficult retreat. There was apprehension that the war, so far localized to Korea, might spread, with consequences that could neither be foreseen nor measured. There was anxiety in both countries about which were the right courses to follow and, at times, public controversy. At the same time there were the difficulties arising from British trade with China, difficulties made the greater by the anxieties and the heavy losses suffered at the hands of the Chinese Communists in great part by the United States. Emotions were aroused and things were said on both sides of the Atlantic that made men fear that too heavy a strain was being placed on Anglo-American relations.

The strain was there and was felt. Yet the strength of the fundamental relationship on which the strain was placed was also evident in the immediate and lively concern which the situation evoked in Britain and the United States. It was evident, too, in the quick comprehension of the fact that, important and difficult as these differences about China were, they yet affected only a part of the great area of agreement on high policy between Britain and the United States. The area of Anglo-American agreement was far greater than that of Anglo-American disagreement. The important thing was to prevent feelings inevitably roused by the strong difference of attitude and opinion on China from spreading to and coloring the broad relationship.

We must expect such strains to arise in Anglo-American relations from time to time. Between two peoples so independent and so resolute in thought and action this is almost inevitable. Where agreement can never be forced by the imposition of the will of one people on the other, agreement must be found. Sometimes, with the best endeavors, it is hard to find, and the source of the difficulty is on occasion a question of policy. When this happens it is not a time for wringing hands over Anglo-American relations. It is a call for action—action in which all men and women in both countries who have the relationship at heart can and should take part. Rising emotions must be held back lest they break through the flood-gates of control. The problem must be identified, analyzed, defined, and discussed with sincerity and frankness until gradually the strain is lessened and the broad relationship emerges, not weakened, but strengthened by the strain it has temporarily undergone. Anglo-American relations flourish when they accept the challenges that history flings down and overcome them by converting the dangers of differences into opportunities for firmer and deeper friendship.

WE are heirs to a great estate, that heritage of freedom handed down to us by the preceding generations. From the struggles and sacrifices of the past we have acquired a personal sense of what freedom means. This sense has enabled us to devote ourselves to the development of our own individual initiative, inventiveness, and faith. As a result of this long accumulation of liberty and its fruits, we, the representatives of the English-speaking world, the United States of America and Britain with the Commonwealth, are the great focus of power in the free world. Let us not forget that amongst the legacies which have been transmitted to us are those which are the antidote to the corruption of power: understanding, tolerance, and restraint.

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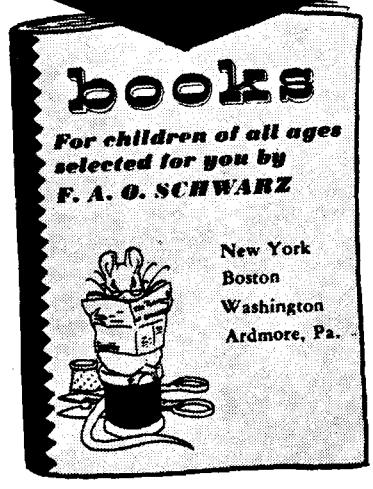

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Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

EDINBURGH'S DOCUMENTARY FESTIVAL

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In introducing James Broughton's impressions of the fifth International Film Festival at Edinburgh, it is important to indicate the unique vantage point from which he views the world documentary scene. First of all Mr. Broughton is a filmmaker whose efforts and personal alliances began in the* avant-garde *circles of San Francisco, a far cry from the Firth of Forth. Secondly, insofar as he has introduced recognizable reality into his later films* [SRL *July 28*], *he has done so to the tune of Shaw's lively aphorism, "If you want to tell people the truth, you'd better make them laugh or they'll kill you" (see his films "The Adventures of Jimmie" and "Loony Tom"). This is an even farther cry from the "herring, iron, and wheat" documentaries he faced last month in Edinburgh. Yet allowing for the uniqueness of his vantage point, Mr. Broughton's conclusions are not unlike those offered by other thoughtful critics of world documentary.*

Last year's American visitor to Edinburgh, Kurtz Myers of the film division of Detroit's Public Library, wrote in his article "European Film Festival" (published in "Ideas on Film," Funk & Wagnalls, 1951) ". . . at Edinburgh one listened in vain for the questioning voice. Where once through film we posed social issues we now document accomplishment, explain services, recreate creation (as in the art films of recent years), memorialize the deceased, record the experiment. May we hope for more challenging films at Edinburgh in its next years?"

Of course we may and must hope. But what can we reasonably expect? The documentary film walks a lonely highroad, flanked by ditches on either side. On the left is the gutter of promotional fraudulence, on the right the rut of lecturing aridity. Both are worn deep with traffic; to many sponsors and producers they are main thoroughfares. But are we to discredit documentary for occasionally falling into one or the other of the ditches? Or are we to take heart in the fact that it alone among the mass communications media has chosen for itself a way whose journeying is nothing less than epic? I say the latter.

It is not enough to point to past successes and refuse admission to everything which fails to measure up to them. The fact that one attempt has been successful does not mean that others will not fail. We can and do fail, right and left. But even among the films which fail to achieve the degree of success we might wish for them, there are many films which are interesting, good, useful, and hopeful. There are more good documentaries today than there were a decade ago, even if the number of excellent documentaries has not appreciably increased.

—CECILE STARR.

YOU ARE not apt to get off lightly with anything in Scotland, a country of cold wind and high thought. And going to the movies at the International Film Festival in Edinburgh is an intensely serious business, having little to do with entertainment. It is indicative, I think, that Marcel Carné's new poetic fantasy, "Juliette, or The Key of Dreams," starring Gérard Philipe, drew the smallest attendance; and that during Rossellini's whimsically original treatment of faith in "St. Francis, God's Juggler," the audience squirmed or departed. These, after all, were imaginative fictions and outside the principal concern of Edinburgh, which gives more devoted attention to the serious short film than any other city in the world.

For this annual seminar—which crowded 200 films from thirty countries into the three weeks between August 19 and September 9—is dedicated primarily to the student with a hearty appetite for documentary films and films with a documentary look. A daily diet of "herring, iron, and wheat" films beginning every morning at 10:30, with realist features filling up the Sundays, demands a strong stomach of the movie fan and requires him to redefine the word festival to mean factual and cultural edifications. And if one takes the full course, indeed any piecemeal attendance would be inconclusive, one has an unrivaled opportunity to assess the present state of the documentary. But almost at once one sees regretfully how mechanical the form has become and to what unworthy uses it can be put. One waits in the dark for personal style, urgent belief, authentic illumination.

John Grierson, writing in the Festival's brochure, *Documentary 51*, remarks bitterly: "The men who run documentary today—and I mean the people who sponsor its ultimate shapes and qualities—do not care a damn for the purposes it once professed and the ends which gave it its larger life. And how could they care any more for its

—*From "David."*

". . . the old skill survives."

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esthetic possibilities when, with rare exception, they don't know esthetic form from a hole in the ground?"

Documentary originally extolled the cause of social progress by revealing reality. On a special program of British Documentary in Retrospect, such famous films of the Thirties as "Night Mail," "Housing Problems," and "Song of Ceylon" retained an integrity rather conspicuously absent in 1951. But what is the social message today? And who will sponsor it? The problem of the documentary is the problem of sponsorship. Without freedom allowed to the film-maker's vision, the short film easily becomes a paid publicity job.

The American ECA mission provided the biggest single sponsorship in the Festival. Many of their films, being the work of famous European directors, are exceptionally well made; yet they were little talked about. Perhaps there was embarrassment in the fact that some countries would not have been represented in Edinburgh at all without showing the Marshall Plan bringing them tractors, mules, 4H, DDT, etc.

Though British documentary may lack its early vigor, the old skill survives. The Festival of Britain sponsored two of the best films: Basil Wright's "Waters of Time," a poetic record of the port of London, and Paul Dickson's "David," a human and moving study of Welsh life. In contrast France submitted routine industrial footage, a single exception being "Le Sel de la Terre" by Georges Rouquier (famous for his "Farrebique"). This half-hour film ostensibly promotes an irrigation project, but in the opening reel Rouquier indulges himself in a magnificent sketch of animal life in the Rhône delta. The film also contains the loveliest steam shovel shot of the innumerable steam shovels shots projected on the screens of Edinburgh.

Of French wit, alas, there was very little—except in two art films, one on Manet ("L'Affaire Manet" by Aurel) and a Belgian caprice on the history of tobacco ("L'Herbe à la Reyne") which included staged scenes in the manner of Sacha Guitry's "Pearls of the Crown." Very oddly, in the light of urgent social message, the only anti-war work in the entire festival was another French art film, "The Disasters of War," made by Jean Gremillion from Goya's etchings. Not just another art film, it is an unforgettable experience, painfully vivid in conception, camera work, and sound. At last a dynamic soundtrack—not an explanation of what can plainly be seen, with a blur of violins to cover the pauses for breath!

Raymond Spottiswoode and Jack Ralph's stereoscopic films, made for The Festival of Britain, included animations by Norman McLaren, double projectors, and spectacles for the audience—a sideshow hit of three-dimensional tricks.

A more pleasant surprise was an hour-long film independently made in Johannesburg by Donald Swanson—"The Magic Garden," telling with affectionate relish a fairy tale of a South African shanty town. Perhaps the prettiest film came from the Netherlands, Bert Haanstra's "The Mirror of Holland," a liquid poem of canal reflections right side up. With other skilful films such as "Medieval Sculpture in the Netherlands" and a puppet film, "Kermesse Fantastique," the Dutch made one of the most substantial contributions, and their delegation was numerous. Another puppet film was "Song of the Prairies," a Czech satire on Hollywood Westerns, using the soft Agfacolor. The Russians, calling the same process Sovcolor, made their so-called musical-comedy, "Kuban Cossacks," look like watercolor rather than technicolor, but the propaganda remained undiluted. They had withdrawn their controversial documentary, "Liberated China," before the Festival began. Yugoslavia, wooing Britain assiduously these days, sent an anti-Catholic feature "Fra Brne," and a movie star. Japan contributed a Kabuki drama, and Sweden premiered Sücksdorff's "The Wind and the River"—a lush pastorale of Kashmir.

Of the inner life documentation was sparse. In the mental hygiene category of mother-trouble, Britain's "Out of True" and Canada's "Breakdown" were more melodramatic than illuminating; whereas "The Steps of Age," produced in the U. S. by Helen Levitt with Ben Maddow directing, quietly won its point.

Item: the most popular American film was Disney's "Beaver Valley."

In the independent 16mm. field, the Americans provided what little experimental film Edinburgh offered. At the Royal Arch Hall, where projection was poor and the seats hard, there was the freer atmosphere of works made by individuals for the fun and fascination of it—Chicago's "Julius Caesar," Valentine Sherry's "Coney Island," and Southern California's "Bird Hunt" and "Uirapuru." But there were by no means enough experimentals, and none from Europe.

And so, at the end of the course, one still waits for more authentic revelations of human life, for more art, for the poets of the camera. When will they use the medium imaginatively and honestly? Will there be support for them? Grierson adds: "There hasn't been a film of the spring or anything near the spring for years. For

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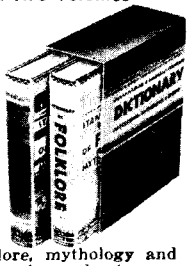

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spring, read the so many, many themes that could lift the heart again and documentary with it."

—JAMES BROUGHTON.

Of the films mentioned in Mr. Broughton's article, the following are currently or soon to be released in this country. The British documentary classics "Night Mail," "Housing Problems," and "Song of Ceylon" are available for rental only to educational groups from the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, 11 West 53rd St., New York. "Night Mail" is also available for purchase from the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y., and for rental from many *SRL* Film Referral Libraries.

BEAVER VALLEY. Produced by Walt Disney; directed by James Algar; photographed by Alfred Milotte. Available for classroom and other restricted non-theatrical use from RKO Radio Pictures, 16mm. Division, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y. (23 min., color).

BIRD HUNT. Produced at the Dept. of Theatre Arts, University of Calif. at Los Angeles; written and directed by Richard Hawkins; photographed by Marcia Endore; music by Robert Erich Wolf. Available for rental from the Film Library, University of California, Los Angeles; for purchase from Educational Film Sales Dept., UCLA. (11 min.) An experiment in non-professional film production, with some bright moments of directing and acting. The story tells of two boys, aged eleven and six, on a private mission which culminates in the death of a bird. Of particular interest to other student film-producing groups.

BREAKDOWN. Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, and available from its New York office at 1270 Avenue of the Americas. Soon to be reviewed. (42 min.)

CONEY ISLAND. Written, directed, and produced by Valentine Sherry; photographed by Carroll Siskind; music by Albert Hague. Soon to be released theatrically. (35 min., color).

DAVID. Produced by James Carr; written and directed by Paul Dickson. Soon to be released theatrically by Arthur Mayer-Edward Kingsley Inc. (38 min.)

ECA Films. Some sixty titles available for free loan from A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. (SRL *Feb. 17.)*

THE MAGIC GARDEN. Written, directed, and produced by Donald Swanson; photographed by Cyril Pennington-Richards. Soon to be released theatrically by Arthur Mayer-Edward Kingsley, Inc. (62 min.)

THE STEPS OF AGE. Produced by Film Documents for the Mental Health Film Board. Distributed by the International Film Bureau, 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Ill. (SRL *May 12, 1949. 25 min.)*

UIRAPURU. Produced, written, and directed by Samuel Zebba, as his Master's thesis film. The film is not "in release," and it may not be shown publicly nor for charge. (17 min., color) A symbolic yet anthropologically accurate interpretation of a South American Indian legend set to music of Villa-Lobos.

Other films included in the Edinburgh programs which already have been reviewed in these columns are "Loony Tom" and "Mother's Day" (*SRL* July 28); "Coral Wonderland" and "Marvels in Miniature" (March 31); "Japanese Family" (Nov. 18, 1950); "Ballet by Degas" (July 14). In a subsequent issue we shall review other films shown this year at Edinburgh—mainly American, British, and Canadian, for usually there is a lapse of a year or more before films from other countries reach us, if then. —C. S.

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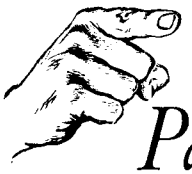
BERNARD CARR *James T. Farrell* (Signet: 35c)	The fortunes of a young man from Chicago determined to become a writer in New York. Misfortune strikes in the form of a love affair with a young married woman.	Honest, tedious socio-journalistic report filled with completely believable characters and situations. Below the level of Farrell's earlier "Studs Lonigan" stories.
BRIGHT VICTORY (LIGHTS OUT) *Baynard Kendrick* (Bantam: 25c)	The story of a young American soldier, blinded in Italy, and his fight to achieve a normal, happy existence.	Deft handling of emotion-harrowing material. Minor characters live to haunt the reader. A book for all who can see to read.
FOUR GREAT HISTORICAL PLAYS *William Shakespeare* (Pocket: 35c)	The complete Cambridge text of "Henry IV, Parts I and II," "Henry V," and "Richard III," edited by William Aldis Wright. Introductions by Henry W. Simon, glossaries by Israel Gollancz. "Four Great Tragedies" and "Four Great Comedies," previously published in regular Pocket Book editions, are now available in the same format and at the same price.	Attractive, authentic editions, invaluable for reading and reference.
JUBEL'S CHILDREN *Lenard Kaufman* (Signet: 25c)	Following the death of his wife, Jubel Watson sets out on a round of visits to his married children, each of them unhappy in his own way. Crises of varying kinds ensue.	Facilely written, vastly entertaining study of the walls that rise between the generations.
LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN *LeGrand Cannon, Jr.* (Bantam: 35c)	The tribulations of a newly married couple as pioneers in the New Hampshire wilderness from 1769 to 1777.	Uncommonly fine historical novel, rich in the basic stuff of the American tradition. Vivid characters, authentic background.
MAJOR BARBARA *Bernard Shaw* (Penguin: 35c)	The text of Shaw's 1905 play as revised by him for the film produced in 1940. GBS's preface was revised in 1944.	Modern classic on theme that full stomachs are a requisite of a healthy society.
PRINCE OF EGYPT *Dorothy Clarke Wilson* (Pocket: 35c)	Mrs. Wilson draws upon her imagination and Biblical sources to tell the story of Moses as a young prince in the family of the Egyptian Pharaoh.	Quickly paced narrative vividly re-creating a colorful ancient civilization. Superior religious novel.
A RAGE TO LIVE *John O'Hara* (Bantam: 50c)	Full-length portrait of Grace Caldwell Tate, a woman who loved her husband but could not remain faithful to him, set against the life of a state capital with its crooked politicians, prostitutes, reformers, and country club crowd.	Highly readable illumination of American small-city life written with sadness and wit and much sensationalism.
REPRISAL *Arthur Gordon* (Pocket: 25c)	A white reporter from the North covers the case of a young Negro who sets out to avenge the lynching of his wife.	Restrained — possibly too restrained — melodrama about race relations. Swift, powerful, extremely readable.
A ROOM ON THE ROUTE *Godfrey Blunden* (Bantam: 25c)	A young attaché of the American Embassy becomes involved with a group of oldtime Bolshevists and observes everyday life in Moscow under the stress of World War II.	Vivid picture of life under terror, notable for its character portraits and its tense, mounting action. Mr. Blunden is horrified at the Kremlin, compassionate towards the common Russian people.
A TREE OF NIGHT *Truman Capote* (Signet: 25c)	Eight stories of the South by the gifted author of "Other Voices, Other Rooms," six of them frankly designed to chill the reader's blood in the tradition of the Gothic tale.	Grand Guignol tales dextrously handled; two stories outside the genre are derivative and pretentious.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.



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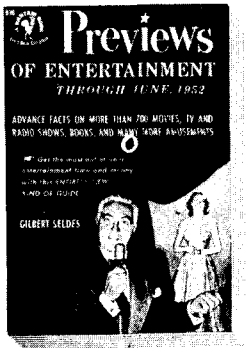

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A MATTER OF INSPIRATION

(*Continued from page 28*)

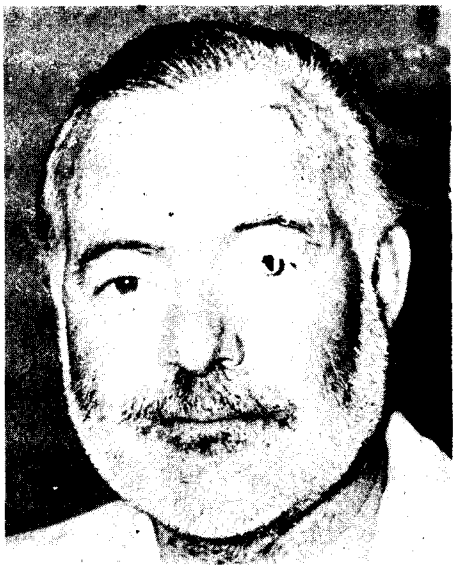
be found: we believe that America may be finding it. That such a style has its dangers, pitfalls, and possible limitations, that at its worst it may travesty and deride itself, we are no less, though also no more, aware than are the sterner of your own critics. Are we still seeking, has America found, a sort of shorthand of the sensations? But also, behind that, is there not about to be something more—an interpretation, the evidence of a spiritual search through the weight, glare, roar, and strain of a material world?

In writing, how shall one distinguish between matter and manner? Were one to attempt the distinction, it might be said that while the matter of American writing (the scenes depicted, situations unfolded, characters portrayed) interests, informs, and entertains us, it is the manner to which we react most strongly—the short, firm, sometimes elliptic sentences, the command of the visual (so that, in effect, a page is like a cinema screen), and the speed, shape, and vitality of the dialogue. Any of those three attributes can, we perceive, go too far, at peril of over-slickness and over-streamlining. At the best, there is tautness—a quality we are inclined to lack—at the worst (or least good) an effect of feverish strain. Inevitably it is the extremes or exaggerations of American writing which tend to be imitated—and, unknowingly, parodied—by admirers here: the subtler precisions and rhythms, significant imagery, lovely evocations of your artist-writers defy imitation no less than they do analysis. One must allow for the time lag between country and country: the general British conception of American style dates back, it would not be unfair to say, to that of about twenty-five years ago. Slow (at least, until recently) in discovery, we are slower still in perception of the growth and change, the emerging potentialities, the newer disciplines. American fiction (and it is generally fiction we have in mind) in the first place broke on us by shock tactics.

The shock was agreeable: it was connected chiefly with the earlier novels of Ernest Hemingway. His, as technique, seemed to us revolutionary; and we may still fairly suppose it was. Hemingway impacted on England during that period, after the First World War, when we were at our most esthetically susceptible—weary of old forms, harkening for new voices. He broke ground, here, not only for himself but for his American generation—the more difficult William Faulkner was to be next for us. For some time, it was hard to unclutter these writers' work from a haze of adjectives, such as "tough" and "sophisticated," or, in Faulkner's case, "torrid." The sheer fact of these two being so unalike suggested that they must be opposite poles, between whom stretched a terrain of so far uncharted creative power. Together, they changed our idea of fiction—already shaken out of its prewar mold by the upheavals of 1914-18. At that same time the French, with their Balzac-Stendhal-Flaubert tradition behind them, were, too, in throes of experimentation, and thereby communicated excitement to us: fuel was added to our creative wish as translation from the Russian—Tolstoy, Turgenev, Chekhov—came pouring in. The world, to us who were young in the 1920's, seemed only to wait to be re-expressed—but, before that, we must re-animate our English language. Two young American writers gave us evidence that re-animation had already occurred.

THE stimulus we got from you was immense; and not only that but it recurs. As to technique we, though fascinated by yours, must continue to struggle to forge our own—there is nothing, really, racial about technique, nor any general solution to its problems: at this, as on your side of the Atlantic, each individual writer works alone. What *is* encouraging is any sign of mastery—such as your writers give us from time to time. But American literature speaks to us, most of all, by that high, strange intensity of imagination which it holds at its best—sometimes in its mood of regional beauty, sometimes in unaccommodating fierceness, sometimes in prophetic craziness — *e.g.*, Thurber. Thurber indeed now reigns amongst us, unrivaled. We are commanded by the genius of your writers of the South; still by Faulkner, and by Eudora Welty; Carson McCullers, always known to a few, is beginning to enter, here, on a larger kingdom. In the field of the novel more classic and more direct, rediscovered Scott Fitzgerald excites us. And within the last year, in particular, two first novels, "The Trouble in One House," by Brendan Gill, and "A Long Day's Dying," by Frederick Buechner, have aroused us, and left a profound effect.

How far is your influence to be traced in our writing? It would be hard to answer. Creative writers of worth go through tuitional phases of imitation; they pass beyond that, find themselves—but they are always learning, quick to absorb what is in the air of the time, acquisitive of what they respect or admire. I cannot doubt that some of us have learned method from you. It has not been though, I think, between our two countries a matter so much of influence as of inspiration. Your impetus has refreshed and acted on ours; your vision adds to our power to see.



Ernest Hemingway and William Faulkner—"American fiction broke on us by shock tactics."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Tennyson: Ulysses. 2. Milton: L'Allegro. 3. Shelley: The Skylark. 4. Gray: Elegy. 5. Wordsworth: Intimations of Immortality. 6. Longfellow: Paul Revere's Ride. 7. Byron: She Walks in Beauty. 8. Keats: Ode on a Grecian Urn. 9. Whittier: Maud Muller. 10. Kipling: Recessional.

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ECONOMY UNDER STRAIN

(*Continued from page 16*)

in fact, adapt itself to changes imposed by external necessity?

There are a number of reasons why the British experiment cannot yet provide conclusive answers to all these questions. For one thing, most of them represent future risks, not present facts. So far performance has belied foreboding. Production has risen in Britain, investment has increased, the productivity of the worker has grown steadily, even the "discipline of taxes" has not broken down. Equally, full employment in Britain has not been put to the test of world deflation because world deflation has not occurred.

But on the test of rigidity the British experiment can already be judged and found wanting. This admission certainly does not condemn full-employment policies as such, but it does condemn the violent and distorted overuse of all resources practised in Britain since 1945. A rigid economy is at the mercy of the dynamism of world politics, and this is the unhappy position of Britain in 1951.

Apart from a small group in the Labor Party, no one doubts the need for rearmament against the Soviet menace. No one doubts that security must precede prosperity and that the slogan "peace, then plenty" expresses the right priority. The difficulty is that with British resources so overcommitted and the whole national effort so distended, movement and modification have become appallingly difficult to achieve. The cold war is pressing in on Britain's precariously balanced economy by way of foreign trade, for it is estimated that last year's level of vital imports will this year cost Britain about 2,500 million dollars more as a result of the rise in world prices. The cold war also arises peremptorily in the problem of releasing enough manpower and resources to achieve a rearmament which is to cost over twelve billion dollars in the next three years. But from where can these resources be obtained?

This is not to say that the new challenge will not be met. The temper of the British people is answer enough to that risk. But the British economy, in its present rigid state, will swing into a new policy only at the cost of extreme discomfort and very great strain. Overspending has left no reserve with which to meet emergencies and today greater resilience and adaptability are Britain's most vital needs.

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LADY enjoys concerts, theatre, museums, hiking. Invites male correspondence. Box 135-J.

YOUNG MALE ECONOMIST, lazy, laconic, and lonesome, desires interesting correspondence. Box 136-J.

AMBITIOUS FEMALE, B.A., *English major*, seeks stimulating position, small magazine, trade organ. Box 137-J.

MENTAL STIMULUS NEEDED. Resuscitating job wanted by Los Angeles female, 28, grounded in music teaching, welfare, research, typing. Box 138-J.

YOUNG MAN seeks position as traveling companion-secretary. Box 139-J.

YOUNG WOMAN, B.A., M.A., 4 years college teaching experience, published writer, wants job editing, writing or teaching. Box 140-J.

WANT TO INVEST ability and cash in small business, as partner or active investor. Connecticut or NYC. (Adult, executive woman.) Write Box 141-J.

YOUNG WOMAN PHYSICIAN invites correspondence professional gentleman. Enjoys music, outdoors. Box 128-J.

MALE, unassuming, with many interests, welcomes pleasant, interesting feminine reply. Box 129-J.

MATURE GENTLEMAN, esthetic interests, literature, art, travel, theatre, welcomes correspondence. Box 130-J.

WOULD MUSIC LOVER share my Metropolitan Opera subscription? Box 131-J.

CAREER WOMAN, not young, desires correspondence with mature gentleman interested in motoring and cards. Box 132-J.

SUMMUM BONUM is an interesting individual on all scores. Please, lady, such one, correspond. Box 120-J.

UPTON SINCLAIR BOOKS WANTED. Send list. A. P. Moore, 8009 Wade Park Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

NAVAL OFFICER, overseas, would enjoy having some interesting correspondence with someone stateside. Box 122-J.

WITH PENCHANT FOR WRITING, a B.A. from Radcliffe, and 1 year teaching experience in private school, I seek position commensurate with qualifications. Able to type. Box 123-J.

YOUNG WOMAN desires job involving travel. Typing experience. Some shorthand. Box 125-J.

WANTED by amateur craftsman: Hand bookbinding tools, materials, equipment (used, new). Describe, quote. Box 126-J.

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MATURE GENTLEMAN, interested dancing, golf, travel, wishes correspondence with lady having similar interests. Box 940-H.

NURSE — HOMEMAKER, experienced, reliable, cheerful, for twin boys 7 months, girl 3 years. Mother ill. Long term position. Pleasant home in NYC. Give full qualifications, references, salary. Box 143-J.

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CAN SENIOR MISS work her way around the world? Leaving January. Suggestions, maps, addresses, ideas, best wishes welcomed. Box 147-J.

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YOUNG MAN wishes correspondence other young people. Varied interests. Box 152-J.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 916

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

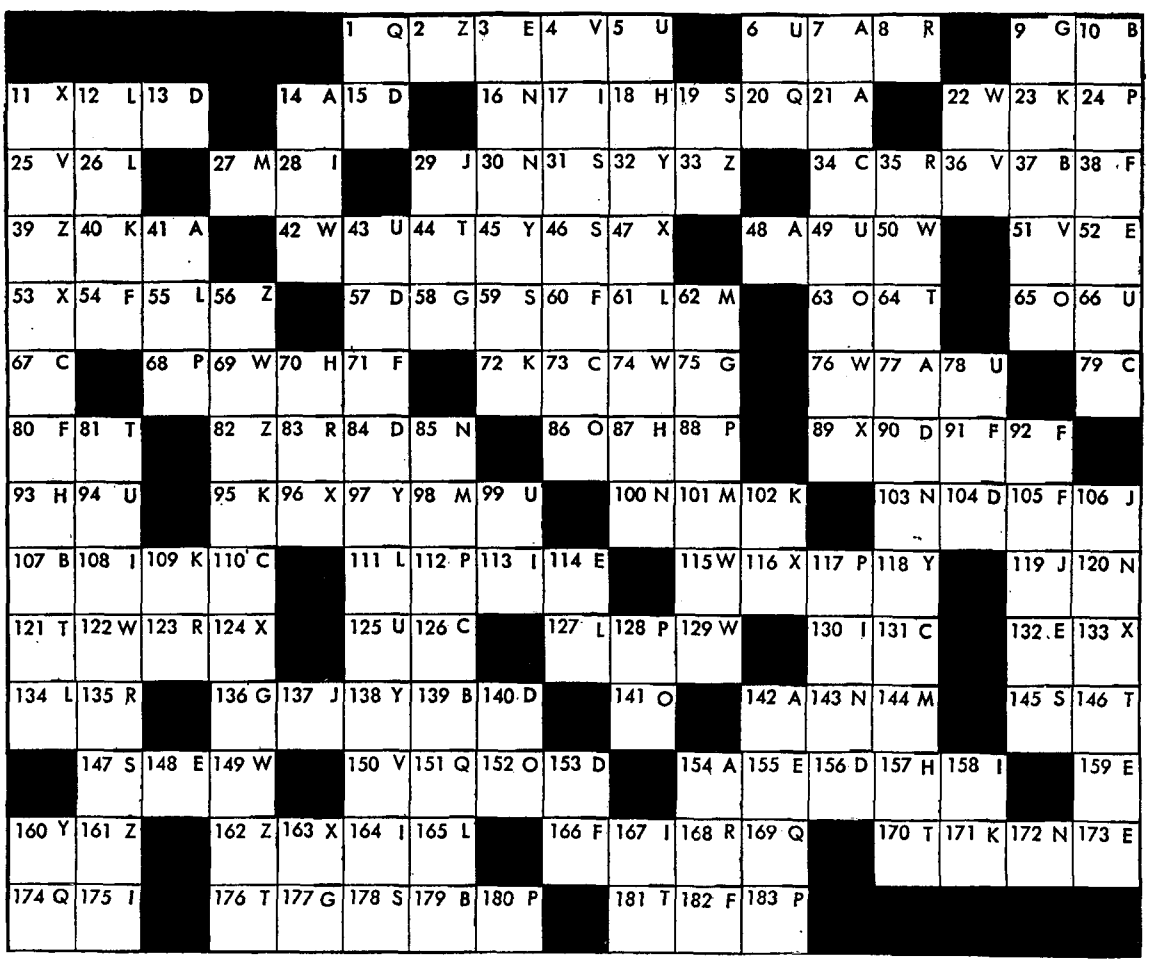
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. First manager of the Yankees, called the Highlanders, present at a recent reunion (Baseball Hall of Fame).	41 21 14 142 154 77 48 7
B. The Dodger shortstop.	37 10 139 107 179
C. For many years a pitcher in the A.L.; his name was Ivy, nicknamed "Poison".	79 126 110 73 67 34 131
D. Pitcher since 1939 in the Detroit A. L.	15 13 140 104 90 156 57 84 153
E. Current pitcher with Philadelphia N.L.	159 173 3 132 52 114 155 148
F. English jurist and legal author whose text on "Tenures" was influential for centuries (1407?-81).	60 182 166 92 38 54 71 105 80
G. Floating.	177 75 58 9 136
H. The combination of lights and darks (Jap. art).	157 70 93 87 18
I. One of the greatest sluggers, led N.L., Philadelphia, in 1899 with batting average of .408 (B. H. of F.).	158 17 164 108 167 130 28 113 175
J. The greatest drawing card in the history of baseball.	29 106 119 137
K. Nine of these constitute the average game.	171 40 102 23 109 72 95
L. Recent Commissioner of Baseball.	12 111 127 134 26 165 61 55
M. First name, English nurse tried as a spy and shot by the Germans in World War I.	101 62 27 144 98

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Talking in a light, familiar manner.	16 120 30 100 103 143 85 172
O. The so-called vegetable caterpillar of New Zealand, a natural curiosity.	141 86 152 65 63
P. Persons devoted to luxury, so called from an ancient city in Italy.	88 180 68 112 117 128 183 24 91
Q. Australian lawyer and statesman (1894-).	20 151 1 169 174
R. Modern transliteration of the Hebrew word Jehovah in the Bible (preferred sp.).	135 168 83 123 8 35
S. Last name, English prophetess of the 17th century.	178 46 59 31 19 147 145
T. Earldom of Henry VII before he became king.	121 44 176 181 170 146 64 81
U. A body of igneous rock introduced into stratified rock during folding (geol.).	5 6 49 78 94 43 125 99 66
V. Masks; conceals.	4 150 36 25 51
W. Removed the epidermis of, as in making chamois leather (leather mfg.).	50 22 42 69 122 115 149 129 74 76
X. First name of one of the Concord, Mass., group of authors in Emerson's day.	124 133 47 53 163 11 96 116 89
Y. Member of the Yankees for many years, holder of many A.L. records (B. H. of F.; died, 1941).	45 118 160 138 32 97
Z. Novel by R. L. Stevenson in collaboration with Lloyd Osbourne (with "The").	56 2 162 82 39 33 161

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 59 of this issue.

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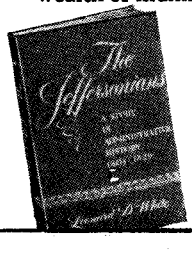

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